

Calling All GIRLS

Already America's Largest
Circulation Magazine for Girls

No. 5
April 1947

10c

THE MODERN MAGAZINE
FOR GIRLS AND SUB-DEBS

COMICS
Stories
features
Gadgets
STORIES
articles
comics
cooking
FASHIONS
COMICS
Movies
THINGS TO DO
Good Looks



GLORIA WARREN
Fifteen-year-old high school girl
who has been graduated from
school plays to a leading part in
the new movie *Always in My
Heart* for her screen debut



SECRETS

By MARGARET E. JESSUP, Publisher

SECRETS are fun, aren't they? It's sort of cozy and intimate to share them with your best friend, or for your special crowd to have a secret password and perhaps a private joke.

That sort of secret-telling seems innocent and safe enough. But during these war times our government frowns on secret-telling. It is obliged to keep many secrets and it is one of the responsibilities of each citizen to keep secrets, too. You may feel pretty important when you say to the other girls, "My brother works in the bomber factory and he says they're turning out umpteen planes every day." But don't say it! Probably your brother won't tell you anything of importance, anyway, because all workers as well as the armed forces are under strict orders of secrecy. But here's the danger—you innocently quote something you have heard, and the person to whom you tell it tells it to someone else. Only she makes the story a little better, and so each time it is told it grows, and the first thing you know a full-grown Rumor is started. You know that Rumors are very dangerous in wartime. They may cause all sorts of panic and confusion; they may even contain enough truth so that they give information to the enemy.

In ordinary times, much unhappiness and misunderstanding may be caused by a whispered word. You know how it is. Haven't you sometimes heard that one of the girls said something mean about you? It may not have been true—she may not have meant it the way it was reported to you at all—but someone heard it and told someone else, in confidence, of course, and what finally came to your ears was far different from what was said. Your feelings were hurt and perhaps a friendship was destroyed. Gossip is always dangerous.

In these wartimes, the government specifically warns us against spreading rumors. Maybe one of the good things that will come out of this war is a better understanding of the danger of gossip, and a greater ability to keep our own counsel. We'll be safer—and happier—if we do.

HAVE YOU HEARD? **CALLING ALL GIRLS** is published every month now! Look for the next issue about the first of April, and a new one the first of each month thereafter.

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Camera!

THE STORY OF AMERICA'S ACE WOMAN PHOTOGRAPHER
MARGARET BOURKE - WHITE
WHO MAKES PICTURES OF NEWS AND NEWS OF PICTURES!
YOU HAVE SEEN MANY OF THEM IN "LIFE"

ONE SIDE,
GIRLS, THE
PAPERS WON'T
BUY PICTURES
OF YOU, BUT A
VIEW OF THE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY'S
WORTH MONEY.

YOU'RE MORE
THAN EARNING
YOUR WAY
THROUGH CORNELL
MARGARET!

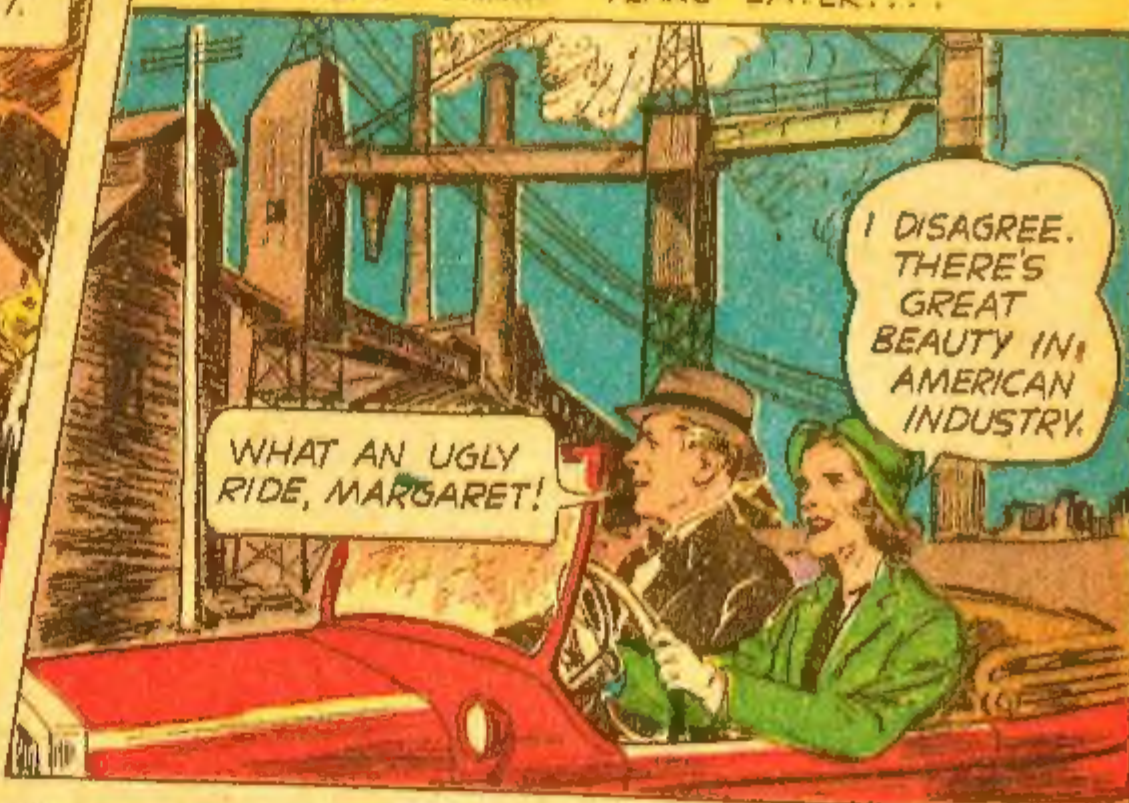
IT'S FUN, TOO. I'VE LOVED
PHOTOGRAPHY SINCE
I WAS A KID IN
BOUND BROOK, N.J.

I SUPPOSE YOU'LL KEEP ON AFTER GRADUATION, MARGARET.



NO, THE PAY'S TOO UNCERTAIN. I'M GOING TO WORK AT THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BUT DRIVING ALONG AN OHIO ROAD THREE YEARS LATER....



WHAT AN UGLY RIDE, MARGARET!

I DISAGREE. THERE'S GREAT BEAUTY IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY.



NOT PRETTY BUT FASCINATING! I'D LIKE TO PHOTOGRAPH IT.

DO YOU CALL THAT A PRETTY PICTURE?

WITH INCREDIBLE DARING, SHE DID!



HAVE YOU SEEN THESE SHOTS BY MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE? THEY'RE SENSATIONAL!

OUR'S IS A MAGAZINE OF INDUSTRY. WE NEED HER PHOTOGRAPHS.



WE WANT PICTURES OF THE CHRYSLER BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION, MISS BOURKE-WHITE.

FORTUNE

EDITORIAL

PRINTED
BY MISS BOURKE-WHITE

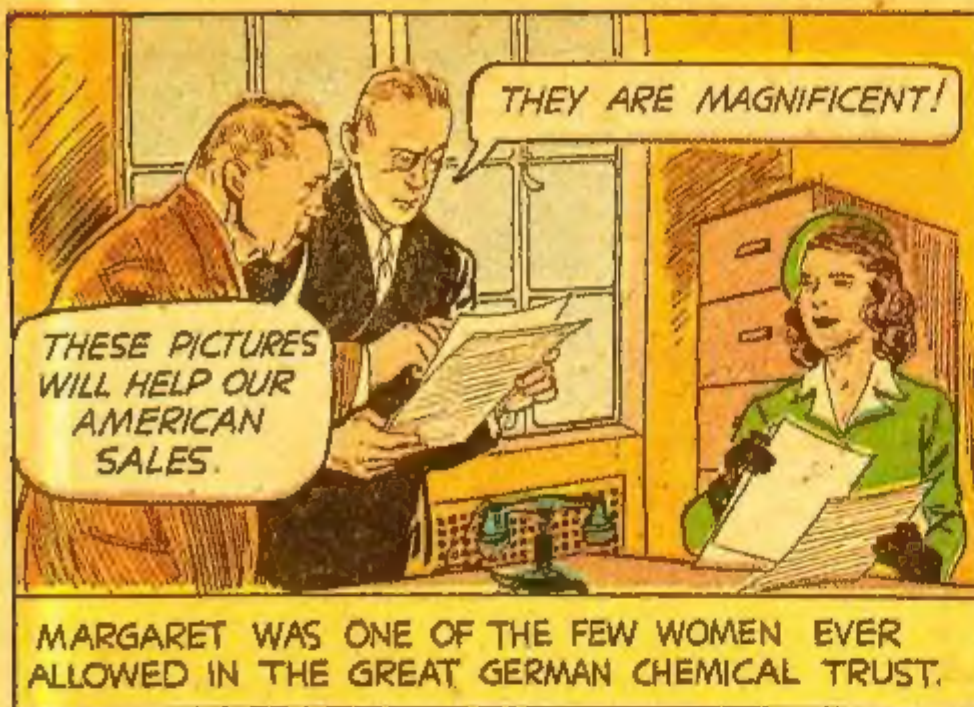
YOU CAN
DEPEND
ON ME!

THESE SHOTS
ARE TAME.
I WANT
SOME FROM
THE TOP!

YOU CAN'T GO
THERE! IT
WOULD BE A
1,000-FT. FALL!

I'LL
RISK
IT!

YOU'VE COVERED AMERICA PRETTY WELL IN THE PAST FIVE
YEARS. NOW WE WANT YOU! TO PHOTOGRAPH GERMANY!



What Price POPULARITY?

Chrissy found the answer when she came to the bold decision that she didn't care

By THELMA KNOLES



"COME along, Chrissy."
"Yes, Kay."

Chrissy followed her cousin out of the Golden Arrow club-room. She was miserably aware of the thoughtful eyes of the club members. It was no use: they didn't like her. She might just as well unfasten her pin and hand it in now.

"The trouble is, Chrissy, you aren't resourceful," Kay said as they walked away.

"I know it," Chrissy admitted sadly.

"Golden Arrow girls," Kay went on firmly, "are expected to be original, brilliant, resourceful." Her speculative eyes went over Chrissy, from her smooth brown pompadour down to her regulation saddle oxfords. "You look all right," she conceded, "but you just don't seem to have anything to give."

"Yes, Kay," said Chrissy miserably.

Her clothes were right for a Golden Arrow. Flat shoes that hurt her high-arched feet, sweater and plain, straight skirt that made her feel subdued and awkward. All were willingly

endured because, as Kay said, that's what the other girls wore.

With every step Chrissy's camera swung on its strap around her shoulder and bumped her gently, reassuringly. She patted it and thought disconsolately that she'd give anything to find the magic key which would give her a vivid personality so she could truly be a Golden Arrow girl.

"I guess they won't keep me in the club," she said faintly, through the lump in her throat.

"It's not that they dislike you," Kay explained. "And after all, you're my cousin. But there are scads of girls waiting to get in." They walked on and

Chrissy gently snapped the shutter. The fisherman was still unaware of her presence

Kay said thoughtfully: "Now, if you could just think up some way the club could raise that twenty dollars to make our pledge."

"I wish I could," Chrissy agreed hopelessly.

The Golden Arrow Club had enthusiastically pledged a hundred dollars to the Navy Relief Fund. Now it bitterly hurt the girls' pride to confess that they could raise only eighty. All the other girls—Jean, Linda, Patsy, Kay—had originated clever money-raising projects. Every Golden Arrow girl except the probationary member, Chrissy, had had bright ideas.

The cousins reached the library. Kay stopped.

"You'd better go in right now and ask Miss Pemberton for that book about developing

your personality. I told her you'd call for it. All the girls have read it."

Unexpectedly Chrissy rebelled.

"But I planned to take pictures this afternoon!"

Kay was exasperated.

"I wouldn't be surprised if the reason you aren't a better club member is because you spend all your money and time on pictures. It's silly." She added the final condemnation. "None of the other girls go in for picture-taking."

"But I like it," Chrissy insisted.

Kay shrugged resignedly and turned away. Her saddle oxfords thumped down the walk, her pompadour arched smartly over her forehead, her sweater looked casual and right for a charter member of the Golden Arrow.

Chrissy looked after her wistfully. Kay had done her best, but it was no use. Chrissy sat down on a bench in front of the library. From her skirt pocket she drew a clipping. The Spriggsville morning paper was running a contest for candid camera shots of prominent townspeople, with a twenty-five-dollar prize each week for the best picture submitted.

Chrissy wandered around town all afternoon, snapping pictures. None of them would do as an entry. Finally she gave up and walked into the woods.

Her rubber-soled shoes made no sound. She felt like a disembodied spirit, alone and unwanted in the world. Her probationary period in the Golden Arrow would be up in two weeks and then she'd have to return her pin. Worst of all, she'd failed Kay who had been so good to her since she'd come to live in Spriggsville.

Chrissy didn't realize she'd gone as far as Clear Creek until she saw the cool glimmer of water through the trees. Silently, so as not to frighten any

birds or animals who might be at the water's edge, she stole forward.

The scene was peaceful and drowsy. There was a man, in a rumpled business suit, relaxed against a tree trunk. His fishing pole was propped on a stump, his pipe dangled from one outflung hand. He looked utterly, blissfully in harmony with the scene.

Automatically Chrissy gauged the distance, held her breath, and steadied her camera against her chest. Then she gently snapped the shutter. Quietly she faded away, with the dozing fisherman still unaware of her presence.

Next evening Chrissy stopped at the drugstore to get her de-

TO THE MARCH WIND

By SOLVEIG PAULSON RUSSELL

Blow, March wind, blow hard,
Sweep in gusts across our yard,
Tear through the pickets and over the hill,
Rustle and bustle wherever you will.

Rattle the shutters and bang loose boards
Scatter dead leaves in flying hordes,
Snatch at hats and blow kites high,
Hard cloud-sheep across the sky.

Struggle and swirl and whirl and pant,
Romp in glee and dance and rant,
Spend your force with lavish hand,
And banish winter from the land.

For the sooner you've had your blustery
fling,

The sooner will come the days of spring.

veloped films. Ben came around from behind the soda fountain and gave her the pictures.

"Dad just finished them."

"Thank you, Ben."

It was always a thrill, seeing how pictures come out. Eagerly she drew them from the envelope. The minute she saw her fisherman picture she knew she had something. The sharp detail in the leaves, even the glimmer of the sun on water were there. And the expression of complete peace and contentment on the man's face was perfect.

Ben said admiringly: "You

rang the bell on that one, Chrissy. How you ever got F. E. W. Farringdale to pose is beyond me, but it's sure a winner in the paper contest."

"You mean Mr. Farringdale, the banker? Is that who it is?" Chrissy spoke with awe. "I thought it was just any man out fishing."

She hurried out, trembling with excitement. She was glad there was no one at home. She had important work to do. Carefully she filled out the coupon, entering her picture in the name of the Golden Arrow Club. She wouldn't tell anyone yet about her hopes.

Just as she finished addressing the envelope the doorbell rang long and loudly. Chrissy opened the door to a very important looking man. Mr. F. E. W. Farringdale himself.

"Young lady," he began crisply, "I must speak to you at once. Alone."

"C-come in," stammered Chrissy in confusion. "I'm alone now."

Her caller followed her into the living room. He cleared his throat, impaled Chrissy on the steely points of his eyes and stated: "Fortunately I just dropped into the drugstore. Young Ben Barker mentioned that you had, without my permission, taken a picture of me, what I believe they call a candid shot, which you had some preposterous no-

tion of entering in the local newspaper contest."

Chrissy felt little icy drops of perspiration crawl down her backbone. Her mouth opened slightly but no sound came out. Mr. Farringdale went on ruthlessly.

"There is a law, you know, about publishing pictures for a commercial purpose without the consent of the—er—subject."

Guilt flooded over Chrissy.

"I d-didn't know," she stammered.

When Mr. Farringdale, with the negative and the picture in his hand, started toward the

door she collapsed, sobbing, onto a divan. Mr. Farringdale hesitated. Then he came back and patted her shoulder, mumbling. "There, there. I didn't mean to frighten you. No harm done. We'll just tear up the film and it will soon be forgotten."

Chrissy looked up at him with woebegone eyes.

"If it won the twenty-five dollars for the Golden Arrow," she said hopelessly, "the club would make its pledge for the Navy Relief Fund even if they don't want me in it any more."

"Eh? What's that?"

Chrissy explained again, and Mr. Farringdale gave a rumbling chuckle of relief.

"If that's all, let me make up the twenty dollars for your club. Then we'll tear up the dratted picture."

Resolutely Chrissy mopped her eyes dry.

"That's kind of you. But the money can't be a gift. No," she kneaded her handkerchief into a wet ball, "it was my only chance. But Kay's right. I'm not resourceful. I—I haven't any originality or brilliance. I don't deserve to be a Golden Arrow."

"What nonsense is this?" Mr. Farringdale sounded annoyed.

Chrissy explained humbly.

"I'm just the kind that gets pushed around. Kay was right when she said I wasted my time and money on picture-taking. Golden Arrows don't do that."

"Eh?" Mr. Farringdale's eyes became wary. "Precisely what Hattie says about my fishing. Wasting time and money. Bankers don't do that." After a moment's silence he growled deep in his throat. "Pushed around, eh?" He demanded sharply: "See here, are these—er—Golden Arrows pushing you around?"

In spite of herself Chrissy was telling him all about it. About her clothes and hair and everything that she tried to do as Kay said she should. How

she tried her best to make herself into a model of a Golden Arrow and how she had failed.

Mr. Farringdale looked at the picture in his hand. He studied it, and a smile quirked his lips.

"Wouldn't Hattie raise the roof if that came out in the paper? Beneath my dignity." He mumbled under his breath: "Pushed around. Pushed around by my secretary at the bank and Hattie at home. Fellow'd think I didn't have the right to go fishing if I want . . . pushed around, eh?" He looked at Chrissy, sitting so small and hopeless and miserable before him.

"Guess I have a right to go fishing without having to dodge around about it!" He argued gruffly: "After all, I didn't say I was going to that businessman's lecture so I wouldn't have to go with Hattie to the piano recital. I just told her there was going to be a lecture."

Chrissy's lips curved into a trembly smile. She offered hesitantly: "Kay tried to make me read a book on personality yesterday afternoon, but I told her I was going to take pictures."

"Good for you." Abruptly Mr. Farringdale sat down beside Chrissy. "Listen, sister," he declared, "maybe you and I have been pushed around long enough."

One week later the Golden Arrows called a special meeting. Kay didn't offer to stop by for Chrissy. There had been a marked coolness between the cousins since the last club meeting. Chrissy didn't care. She had a pretty good idea that the Golden Arrows were going to ask her for her club pin. It was a blow to her pride, but in a way it would be a big relief. She was so sure of what was going to happen that she dressed to please herself instead of Kay and the Golden Arrows. She might as well be herself since she couldn't be one of them.

She had spent almost all of her allowance for films,



"I'm the kind that gets pushed around," Chrissy explained humbly to Mr. Farringdale

but she couldn't bear the sight of her sweater and skirt. She didn't need a pattern for this outfit. Just three and a half yards of cotton print, a card of insertion, and here was Chrissy in the gayest, swishiest broomstick skirt that Spriggsville ever saw.

The crinkly, fanlike skirt gave wings to her spirit. The white blouse with its perky puff sleeves and demurely square neck made her feel sweetly feminine and at the same time recklessly sure of herself. Her hair was combed down into a fluff of curly bangs and cut

ter from the newspaper stating that the enclosed check for twenty-five dollars was first prize of the week, in the contest for candid camera shots of prominent citizens.

Chrissy smiled secretly. Part of the smile was for the an-

it was just as well if they never found out.

It was Jean who finally said: "I move we just add the check to our Relief Fund pledge for the present. We're bound to find out eventually who's responsible. Now," she turned to Chrissy who felt her heart sink in dismay, "Chrissy, I can't wait any longer to ask, where did you get that heavenly skirt?"

"I made it," Chrissy explained. "With a few yards of



Perhaps it was just as well if they never found out. But Chrissy's heart sank as Jean turned to her

two inches shorter all around. She felt like herself for the first time since she'd come to Spriggsville.

"Hello, girls," she sang out carelessly. For the first time it struck her how uninterestingly alike the other girls looked.

Patsy, the president, finally tore her fascinated eyes away from Chrissy to announce, "I called the special meeting to read this letter to the club."

She proceeded to read a let-

nouncement she had read in that morning's paper. It seemed that Mr. F. E. W. Farringdale was going fishing instead of to the bankers' convention.

There was a babble of excitement. Then came questions about who could have entered a picture in the name of the Golden Arrow Club. Chrissy decided she wouldn't tell them yet—that would make them feel awkward if they'd decided to ask for her pin. No, perhaps

material and a broomstick."

"Why," Patsy breathed. "It's so original! Since we're all Golden Arrows, won't you show us how to do it?"

"It has such personality!" echoed Kay. "I'd love one in blue." She looked at her cousin with a flash of understanding. "Chrissy, you read that book about developing personality!"

"No, darling," Chrissy said sweetly and firmly. "I just decided to be myself."



We "Took it" in HAWAII

I DON'T know what you mainlanders imagine life in Honolulu is like since we woke up that Sunday morning, December 7th, to find that a war had been dumped right in our back yard. But if you think we're sitting around biting our fingernails, waiting for the air-raid siren, you're all wrong—*planty pupuli*, as we'd say in Hawaiian. We haven't any use for the kind of droops who waste time nursing a case of war jitters. There's plenty of work for everybody—and we're doing it!

Take the Girl Scouts, for instance. They were on the job in record time. Oh, they didn't jump into their uniforms and go parading around; they stayed inside, as everyone not in defense work had been ordered to do. But they made themselves useful just the same. Hundreds of women (who had been training for an emergency for many months) were called to Red Cross stations, to centers where *évacués* were being cared for. But many of these women had young children they could not leave alone at a time when they must be kept off the streets.

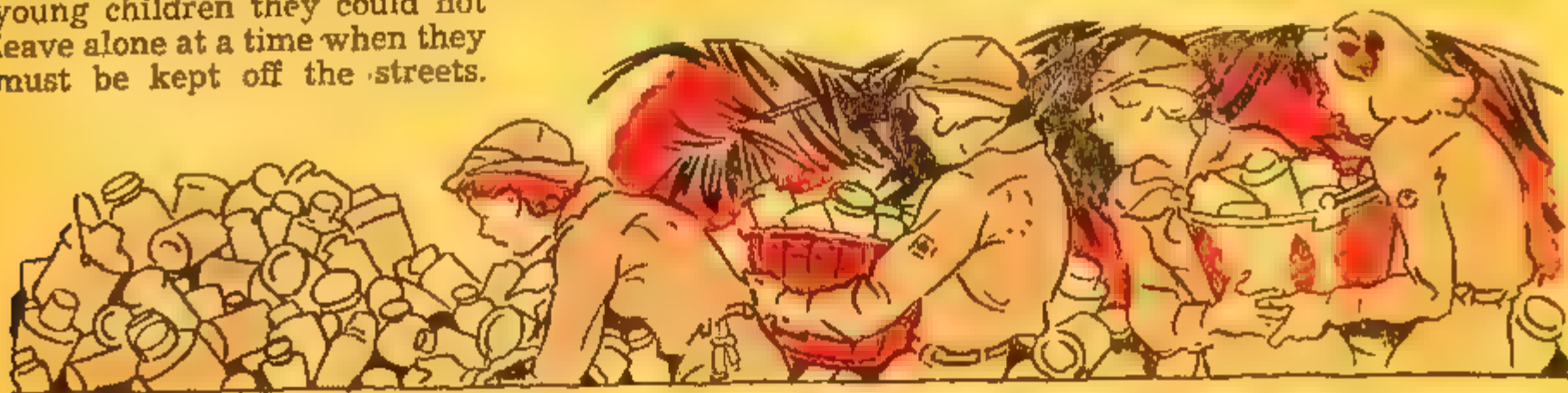
THIS IS A SCOOP! It's an account of what it was like to be one of the first American girls actually under fire in this struggle of mankind. Twelve-year-old Dolores Duckett told it to Sylvia Jacobs especially for you. No one knew if we would get it in time for this issue—or if we would get it at all. Right after the terrible bombing of Pearl Harbor we wrote to Honolulu asking that the manuscript be rushed to us as soon as possible. We sent one copy of our letter by clipper and one by regular *shi-mail*—and then kept our fingers crossed to be sure that one of the envelopes would reach Honolulu. And that a reply would get back to us. It was a happy day—just ten days later—when the manuscript was delivered. It came by clipper—avoiding Japanese bombers and battleships! Maybe these pictures of a Christmas tree seem like something out of a dim past. But December 7th, when the first bombs fell on Pearl Harbor, doesn't seem so far off. And they go together here.—THE EDITORS.

The Girl Scouts acted as substitute mothers, and believe me, they were welcomed with open arms by many women who could not otherwise have volunteered.

Monday, the hospitals sent out a call for donors to replace the stocks of blood which had been used up in transfusions for wounded sailors and soldiers. They wouldn't accept anyone under sixteen, but the Scouts again found a way to help. The plasma (the fluid part of the blood that is left after donors'

blood is processed), is kept in jars in refrigerators; and of course hospitals ran out of jars when thousands of Honolulu people jammed the corridors day after day, offering blood. Girl Scouts joined other organizations in collecting bottles, mason jars, mayonnaise jars—anything with a wide mouth and a screw top.

I wish you could see the collection of jars and bottles on the front lawn of Queen's hospital, here in Honolulu. It takes two big tents to cover them,



Girl Scouts collected bottles, mason jars—anything that would serve to hold blood plasma for transfusions

and they are being sorted, cleaned, and boxed so they will be ready for the hospital staff.

There's a bright side to everything—even a blackout—and we've all been keeping our eyes open for the bright side. It's all part of a new idea that's come into our lives, a new word that we Islanders have come to know better than our own middle names these past few weeks. We hope that you on the mainland are getting well acquainted with that important little word, too—it's "morale," and it's as important as guns and planes.

One of the things that a lot of us count on the good side is that schools have been closed since December 7th, because school buildings have been used as centers for évacués and

emergency hospitals, and the teachers have been busy on defense jobs. I was slipping a little on arithmetic myself, and I didn't object a bit when I read in the paper that the summer vacation was going to start right away! About four thousand seniors in Hawaii are going to get a chance to lop off six months from their courses (provided they keep up with one or two subjects at home) and still get their diplomas. Many of the girls are studying typing, and the boys are learning trades, so they can get defense jobs. Oh, to be a senior now!

One of our morale slogans was "There'll always be a Christmas in Hawaii." Maybe a Christmas without snow, a Christmas when you could go

swimming if you felt like it, wouldn't seem like Christmas to most of you; but my sisters and I were born in Hawaii, and that's the only kind of Christmas we know.

My mother has been in the hospital—no, she wasn't a bomb victim; she chose this particular time to have an operation! The doctor promised to let her come home on Christmas day, but of course that didn't give her any time to get ready. I'm twelve, going on thirteen, and my sister Geraldine is nine, so we would not have minded skipping Christmas altogether, having Mother back with us would have been Christmas present enough. But we have my little three-year-old sister to think of—she's too small to understand what it's all about. So Gerry

We managed to make our branch of evergreen look pretty much like a real tree



and I were determined to have Christmas as usual for her. We couldn't count on much help from Father (except the cash, of course, which is pretty important) because he is a civilian workman at Pearl Harbor (I imagine that by now you all know where that is) and since December 7th he's been working twelve hours or so a day every day including Sundays.

So as soon as we heard on the radio that it was all right for us to go downtown, we got busy. It seemed a lot of other people had the same idea, and were making up for lost time in their Christmas shopping. We have blackout every night, so the stores can stay open only until four in the afternoon, and that made the crowds even worse. There are sandbags piled around some of the downtown buildings, the show windows have paper tape on them to prevent flying glass, and air-raid shelters are being dug in front of the library and in vacant lots. But nobody seems to pay much attention to those things.

Our biggest problem was a Christmas tree. Our Christmas trees are mostly shipped from the mainland. One shipment of trees that had left the Coast before the war started arrived safely, but there weren't nearly enough for everyone. The Y downtown decorated a palm tree with tinsel and stuff, but somehow that doesn't seem like the same thing. Finally we got, not a real tree, but a branch from an evergreen.

It was a pretty big branch, and by trimming off some here and sticking it back on there, we managed to make it look pretty much like a regular tree. After the ornaments were on, you wouldn't know the difference. We used only blue bulbs, in case the baby should forget and open the door at night while the tree was lit. We have our windows covered with oilcloth and blankets and things, so we can have a few low lights during the blackout, but we have to be careful about the doors. Blue light, it seems, is not so bad as other colors—

they paint headlights blue, and policemen use blue flashlights. (Of course, no cars that are not absolutely necessary are allowed on the streets after dark, even with blackout-blue headlights.)

But here I'm talking about our own Christmas celebration, and I should be telling about what school and club groups were doing to bring Christmas-as-usual to hospitals and poor people in Honolulu. One of the newspapers here has a Christmas toy fund every year. After the war started, it seemed that people were more generous than ever in contributing. Girls' clubs filled stockings with candy, nuts, and oranges. Others trimmed trees for the hospitals. The Christmas carolers made their rounds as in other years,

although they had to do it in daylight hours because of blackout. Cartons of cigarettes were wrapped in holly paper and magazines and books collected for the wounded.

One thing we missed this year was the fireworks. We usually have fireworks in Hawaii at Christmas and New Year's, just as you on the mainland do on Fourth of July. But the Military Governor said we could not have any this year. There weren't any jam sessions this New Year's Eve and, although movies are open in the afternoons now, there are no evening shows. But what do we care about a few little things like that—think of the celebration we'll have when the United States and the United Nations win through to victory!

GIRLS IN THE NEWS

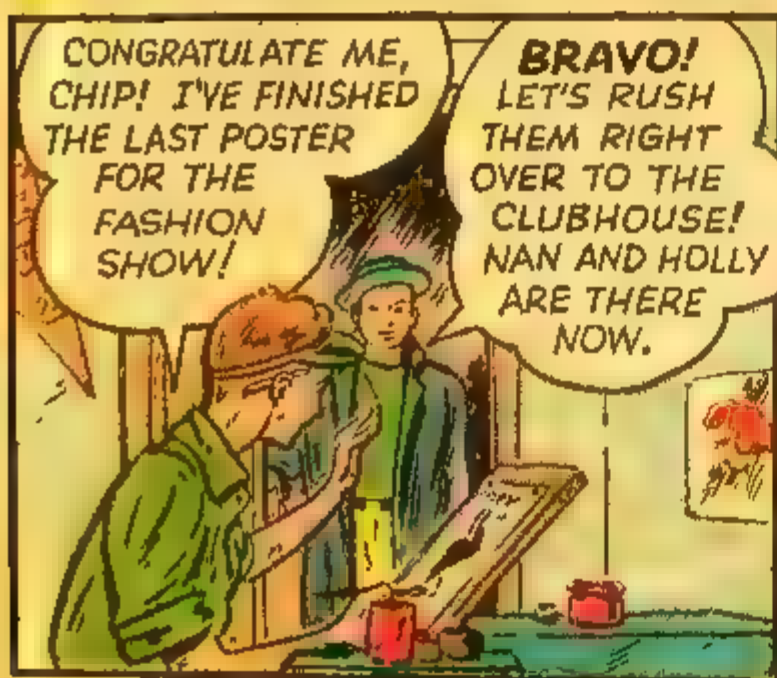


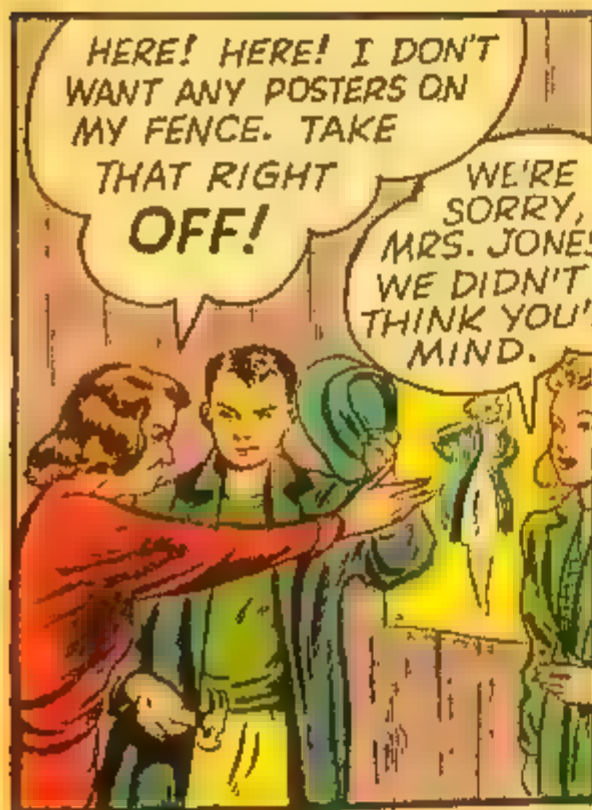
CAMP FIRE GIRLS GIVE SERVICE

ON MARCH 17th the Camp Fire Girls are thirty years old! Not the girls themselves, of course—their organization. And history is surely repeating itself. Their Camp Fire mothers "gave service" twenty-five years ago in World War I. Today Camp Fire Girls receive special "Give Service" pins for their aids to the national defense in collecting waste paper, turning out health-building meals at low cost, working for the American Red Cross and war relief agencies, and other defense activities. The Camp Fire Girls of San Francisco shown here are filling women's shelter kits for British women. At first amused by the inclusion of such things as powder, lipstick, soap, they came to realize that even in wartime good appearance is important.

The Yorktown Younger Set

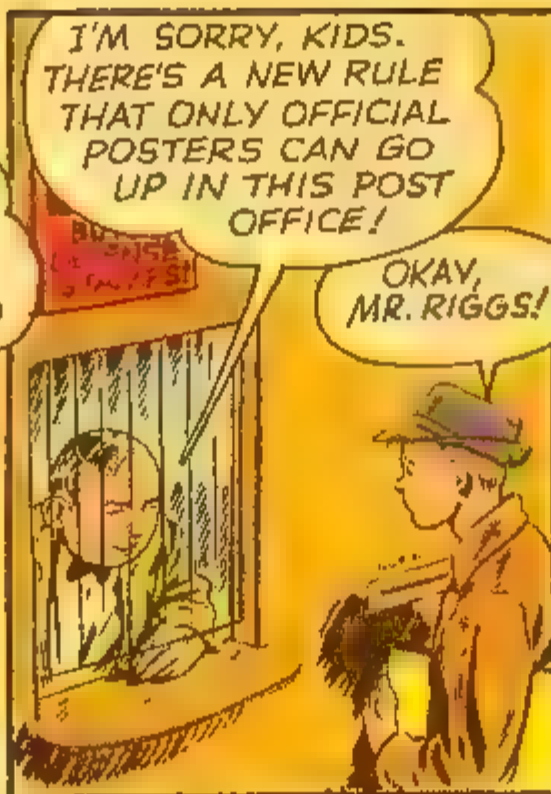
SUSIE LOU THREATENS THEIR FASHION SHOW!





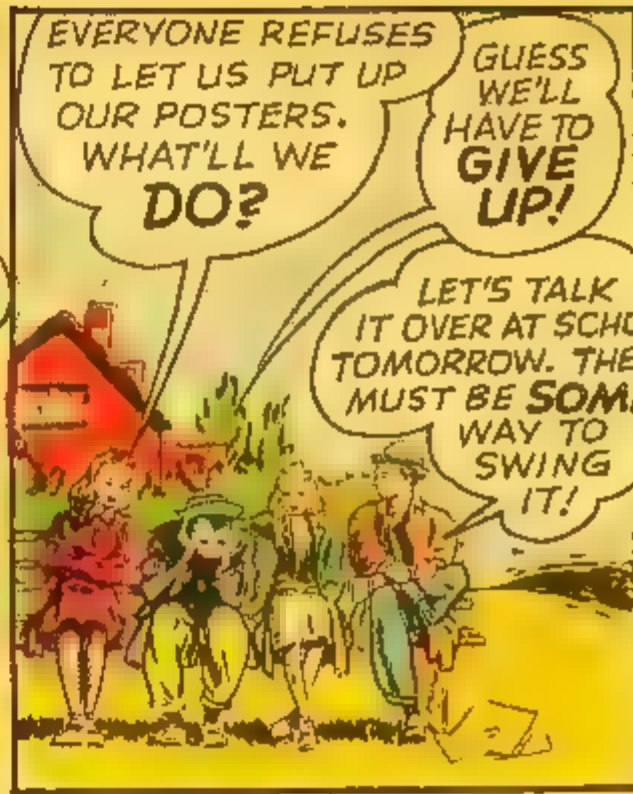
HERE! HERE! I DON'T WANT ANY POSTERS ON MY FENCE. TAKE THAT RIGHT OFF!

WE'RE SORRY, MRS. JONES. WE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MIND.



I'M SORRY, KIDS. THERE'S A NEW RULE THAT ONLY OFFICIAL POSTERS CAN GO UP IN THIS POST OFFICE!

OKAY, MR. RIGGS!



EVERYONE REFUSES TO LET US PUT UP OUR POSTERS. WHAT'LL WE DO?

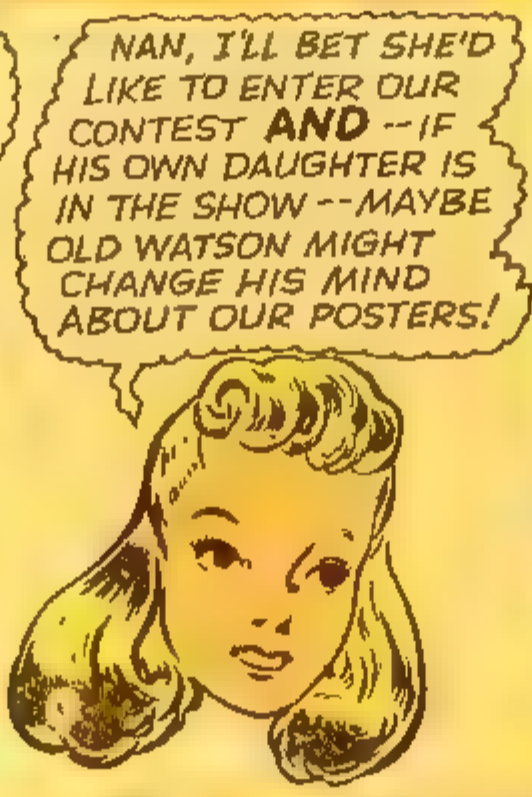
GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP!

LET'S TALK IT OVER AT SCHOOL TOMORROW. THERE MUST BE **SOME** WAY TO SWING IT!



PSST! NAN! I HAVE AN IDEA! THERE'S MR. WATSON'S DAUGHTER OVER THERE --

MMM-- SO WHAT?

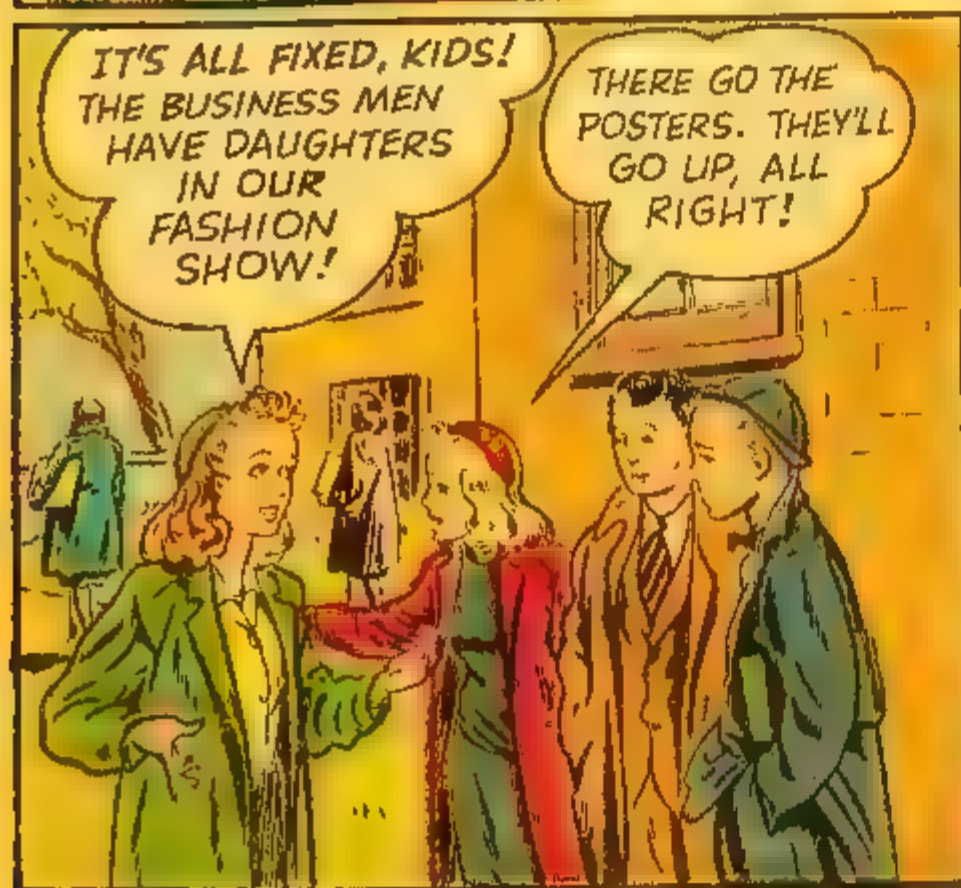


NAN, I'LL BET SHE'D LIKE TO ENTER OUR CONTEST **AND** -- IF HIS OWN DAUGHTER IS IN THE SHOW -- MAYBE OLD WATSON MIGHT CHANGE HIS MIND ABOUT OUR POSTERS!



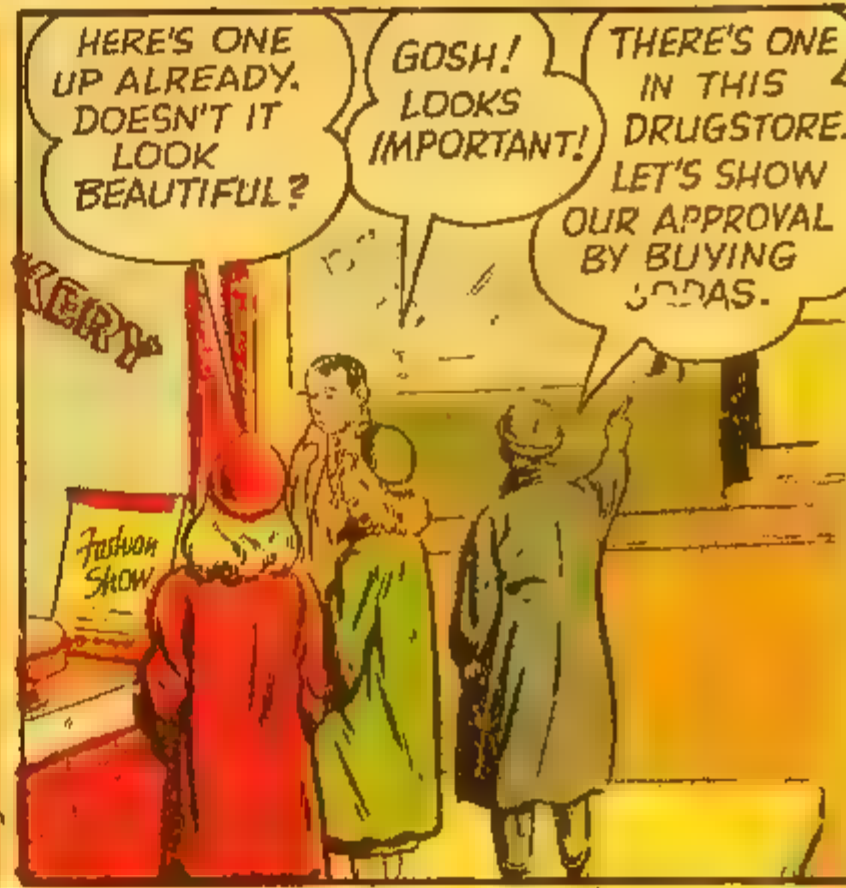
THAT'S A BRAIN-SIZZLER!

AND MRS. JONES' DAUGHTER IS A FASHION FAN, TOO. SHE'LL WANT TO ENTER THE CONTEST.



IT'S ALL FIXED, KIDS! THE BUSINESS MEN HAVE DAUGHTERS IN OUR FASHION SHOW!

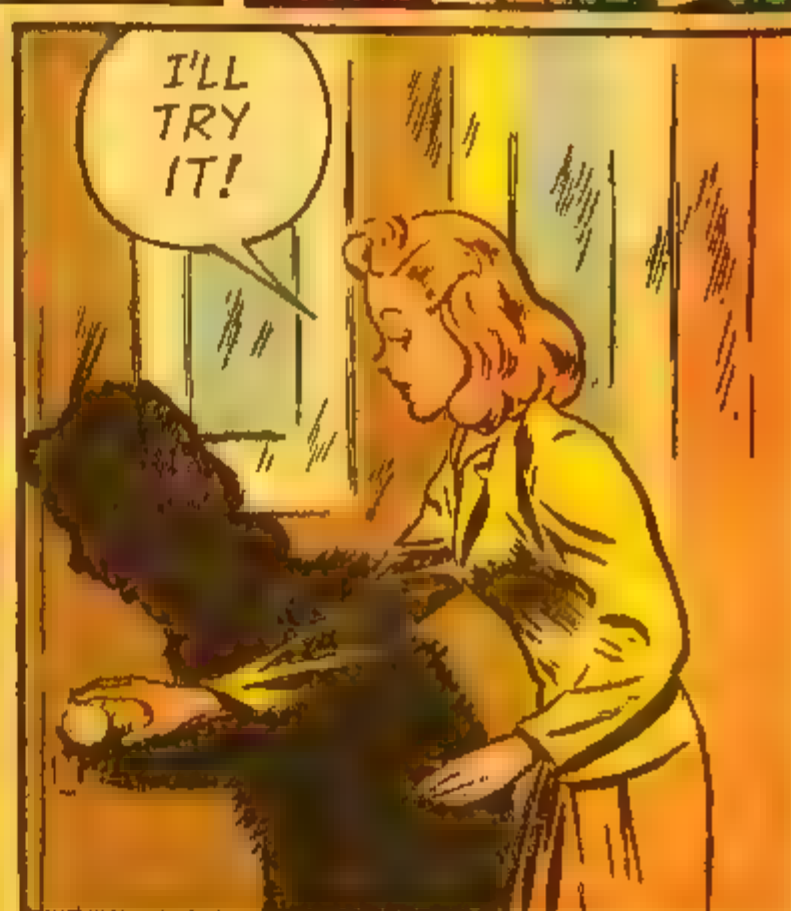
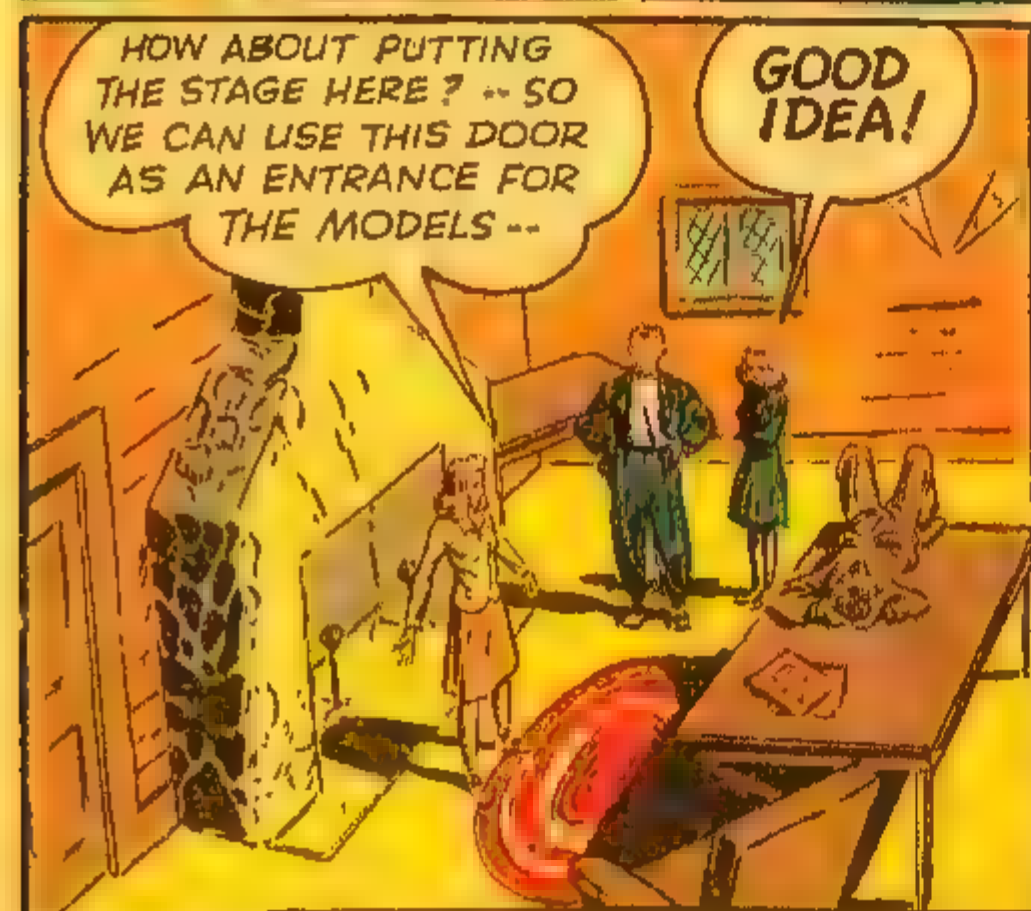
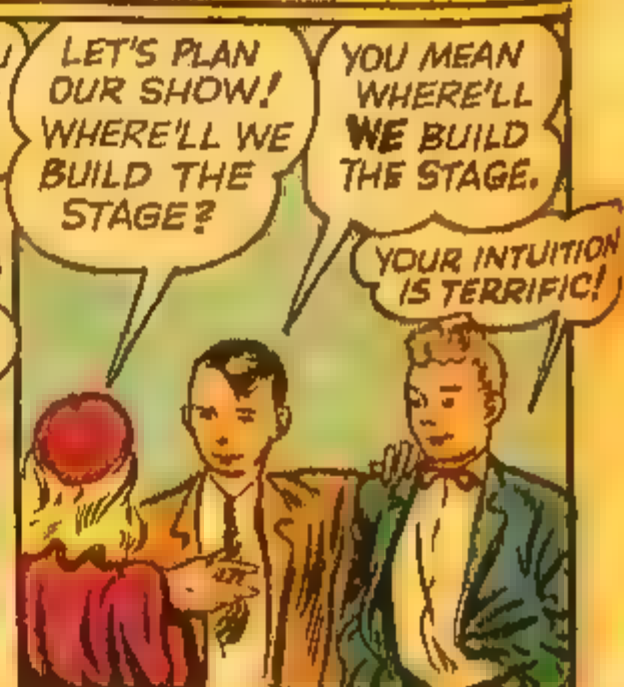
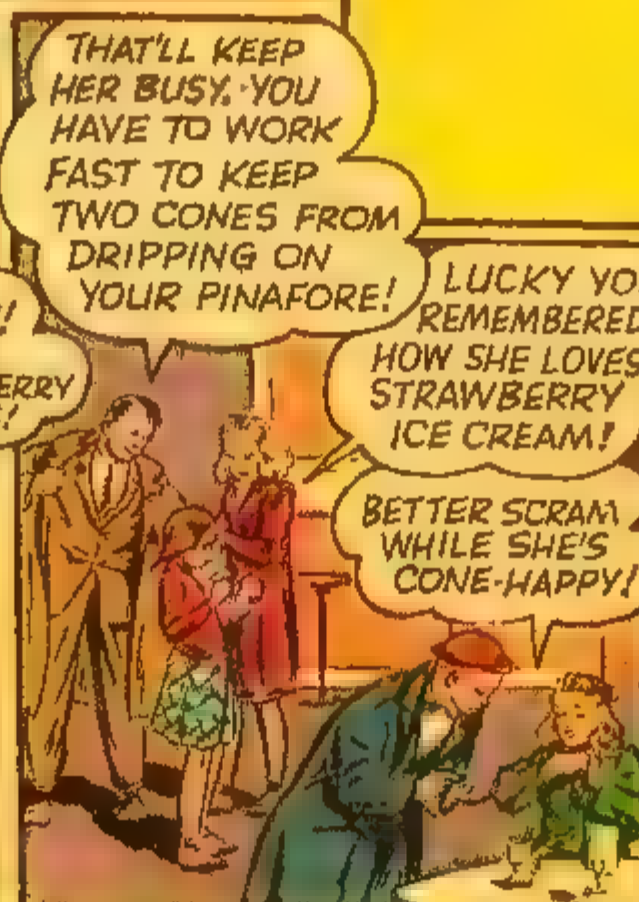
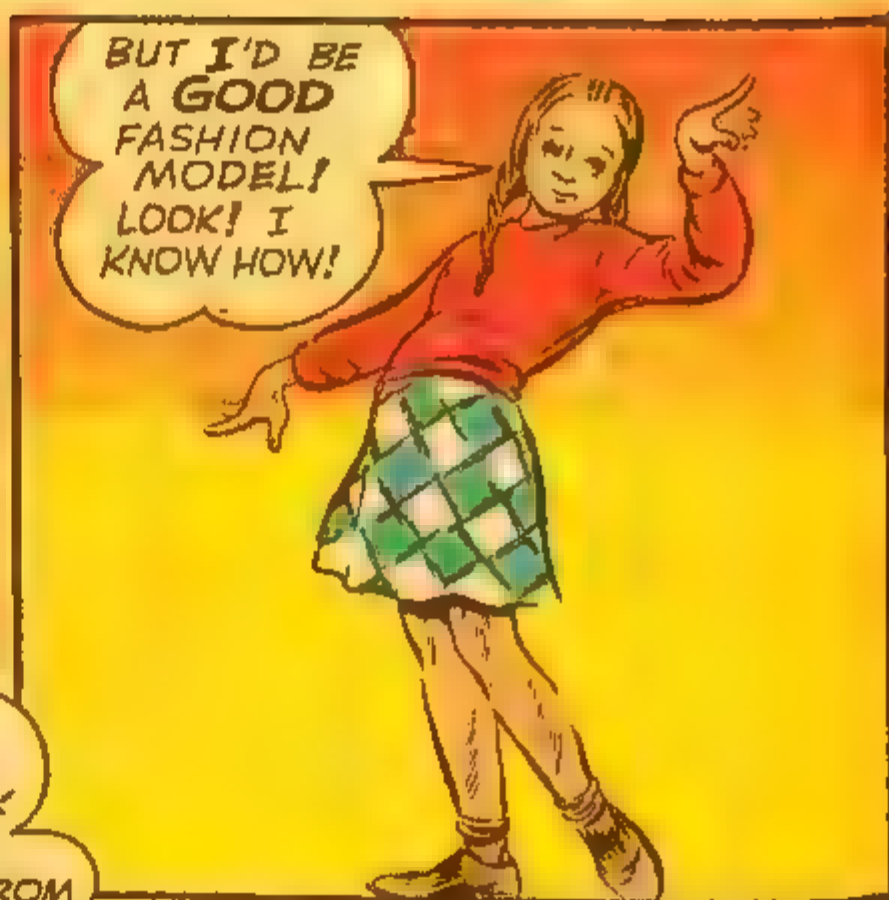
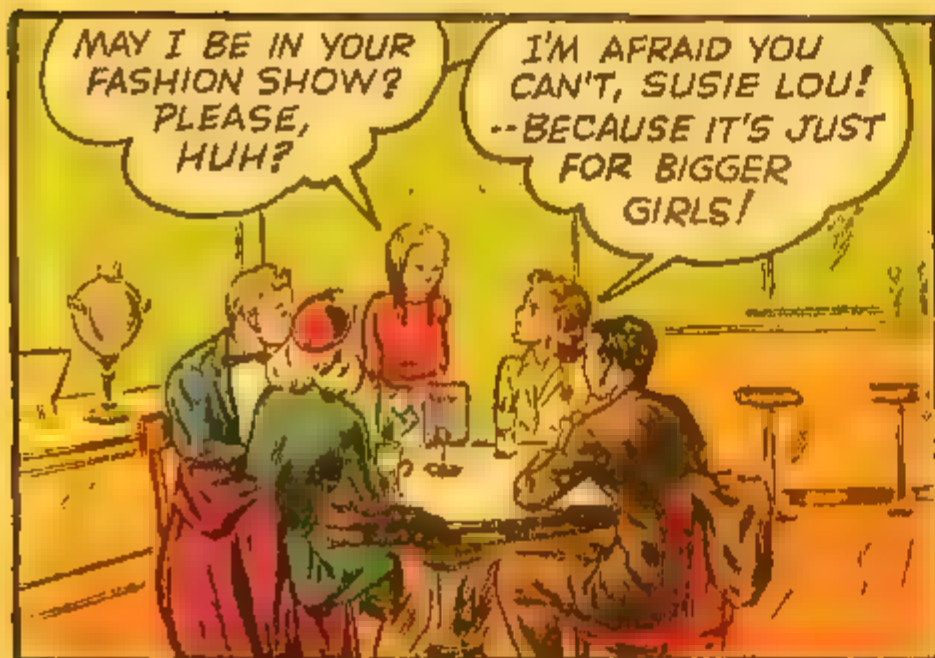
THERE GO THE POSTERS. THEY'LL GO UP, ALL RIGHT!

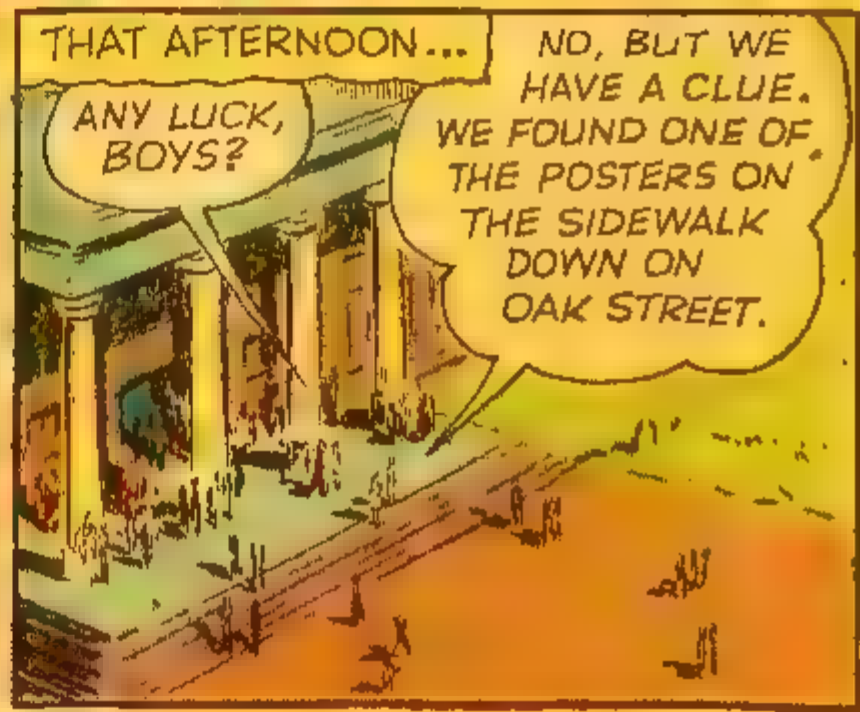
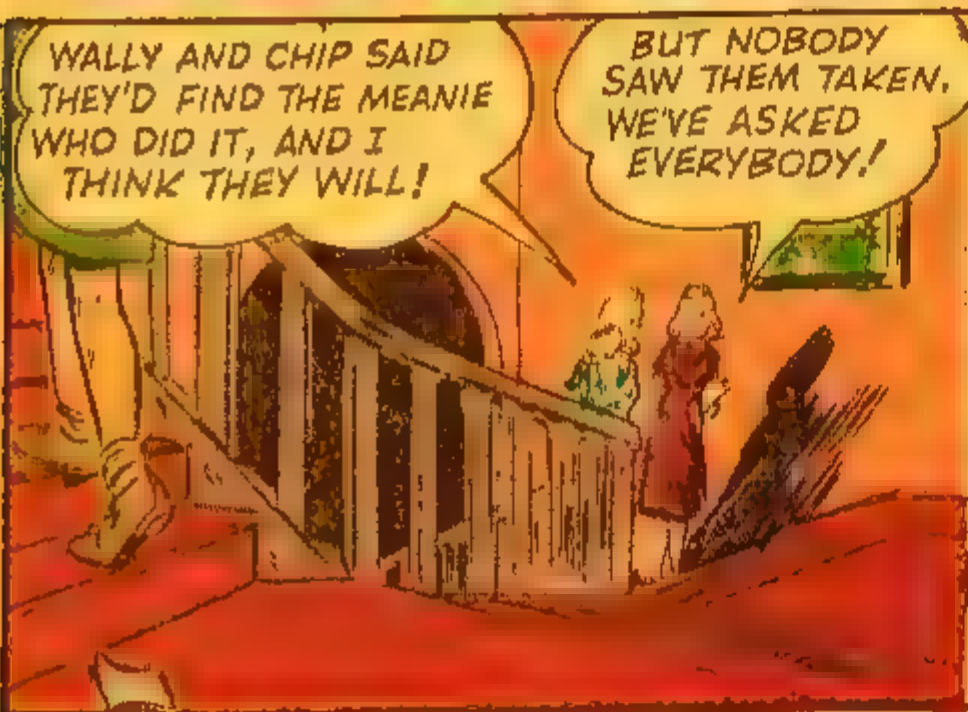
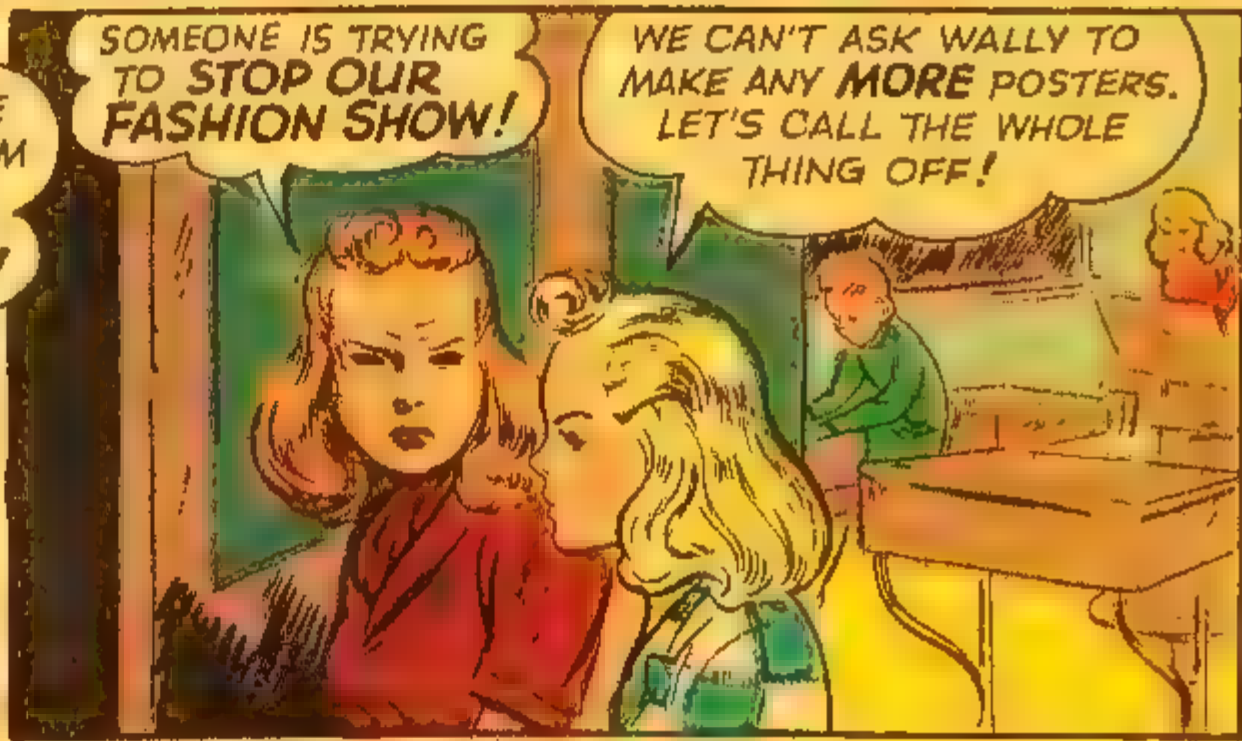
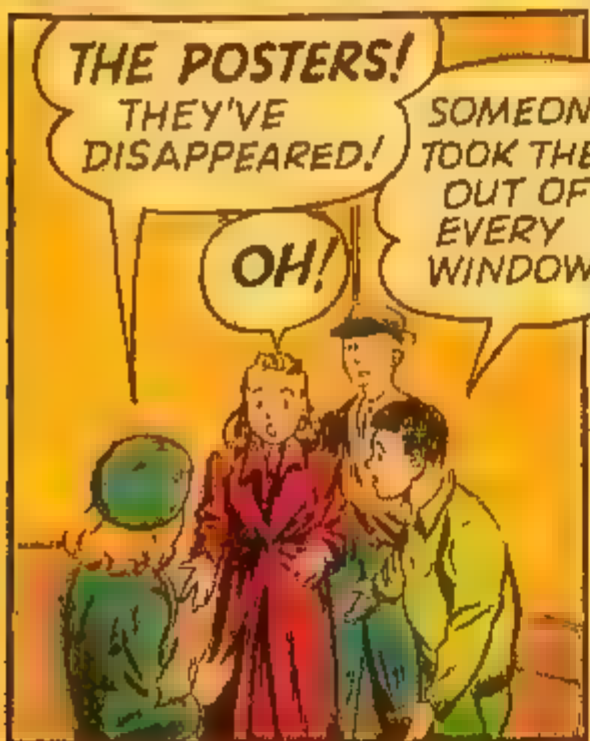
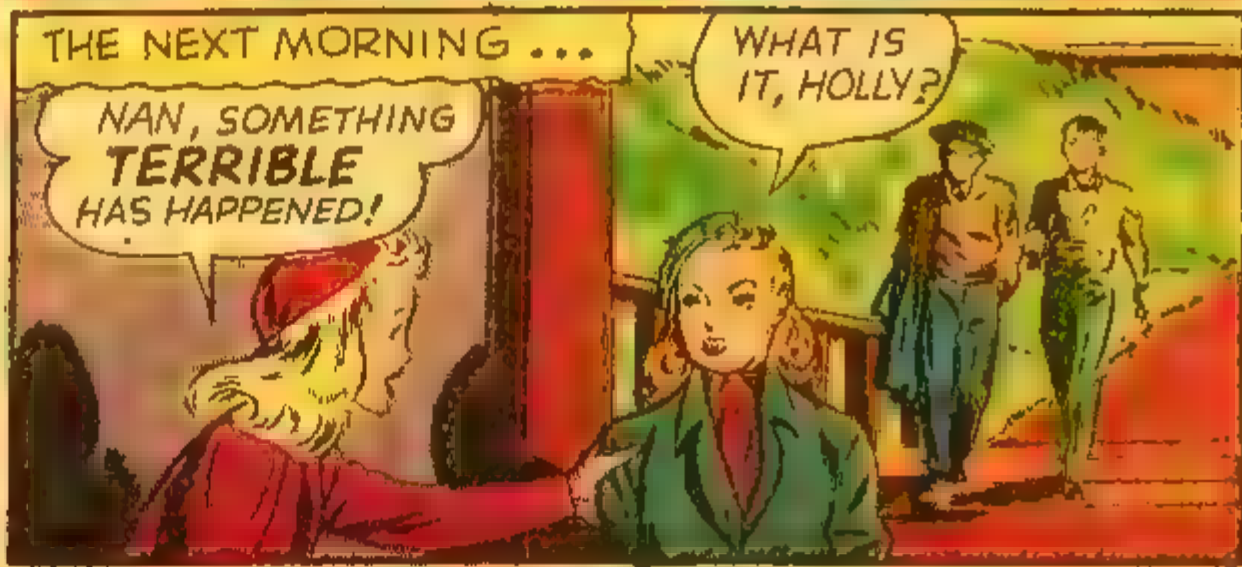
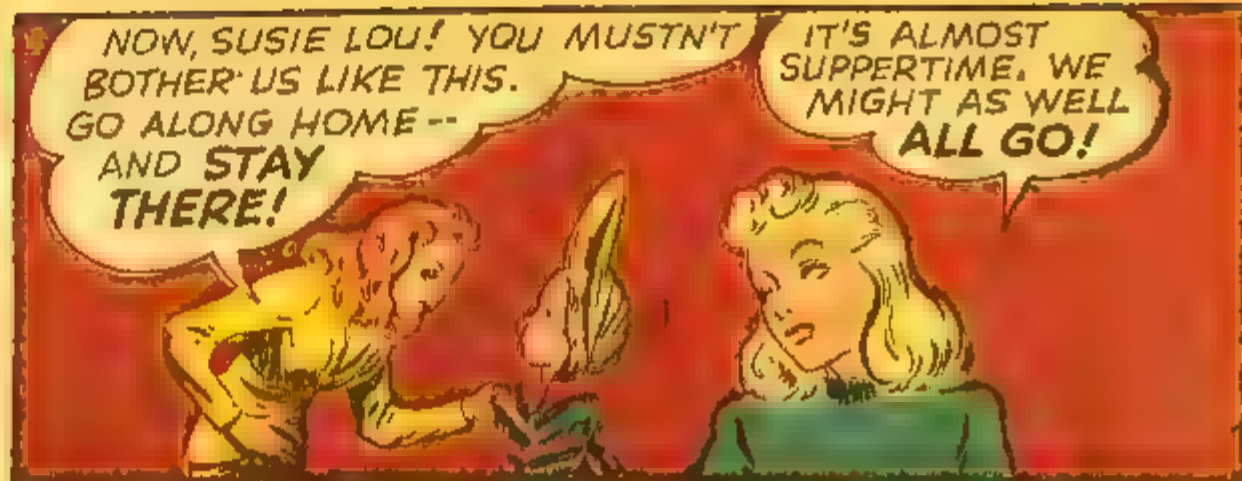


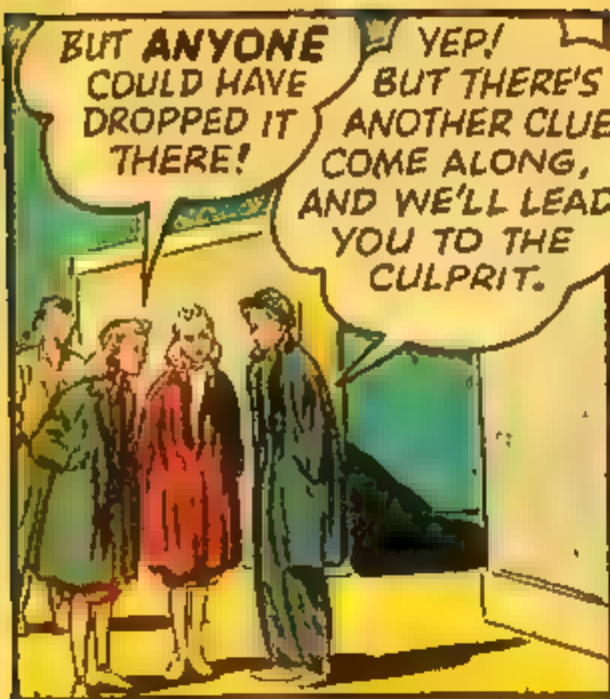
HERE'S ONE UP ALREADY. DOESN'T IT LOOK BEAUTIFUL?

GOSH! LOOKS IMPORTANT!

THERE'S ONE IN THIS DRUGSTORE. LET'S SHOW OUR APPROVAL BY BUYING SODAS.

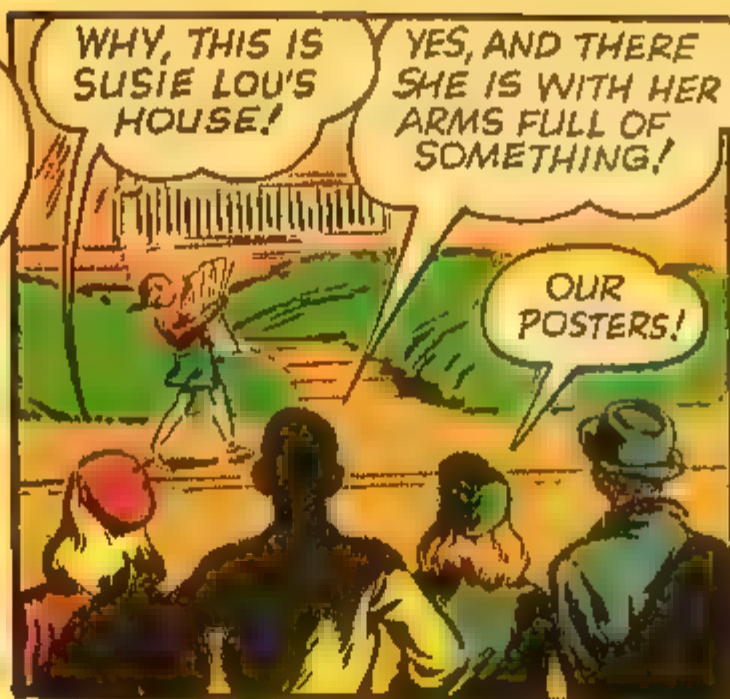






BUT **ANYONE** COULD HAVE DROPPED IT THERE!

YEP! BUT THERE'S ANOTHER CLUE. COME ALONG, AND WE'LL LEAD YOU TO THE CULPRIT.



WHY, THIS IS SUSIE LOU'S HOUSE!

YES, AND THERE SHE IS WITH HER ARMS FULL OF SOMETHING!

OUR POSTERS!



IT WAS A TERRIBLE THING TO TAKE OUR POSTERS. WHY ON EARTH DID YOU DO IT?

I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO HAVE A FASHION SHOW IF I COULDN'T BE IN IT!



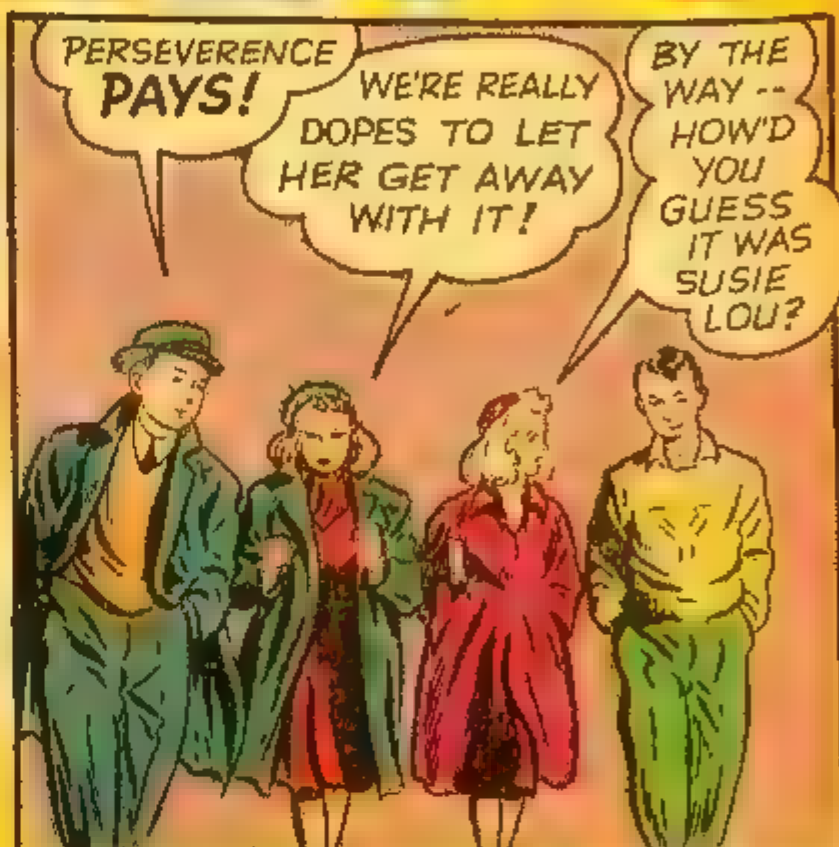
SHE MIGHT AS WELL BE IN THE SHOW AS SPOILING IT! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

THE KID PROVED SHE'S GOT SOMETHING!

WELL, MAYBE SHE COULD MODEL "SUB-TEEN" FASHIONS.



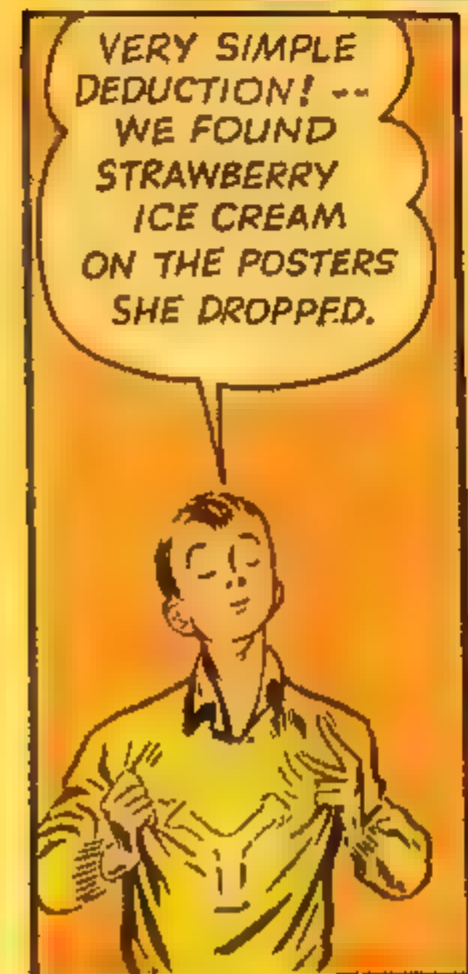
I'LL SAY I COULD!



PERSEVERENCE PAYS!

WE'RE REALLY DOPES TO LET HER GET AWAY WITH IT!

BY THE WAY -- HOW'D YOU GUESS IT WAS SUSIE LOU?



VERY SIMPLE DEDUCTION! -- WE FOUND STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM ON THE POSTERS SHE DROPPED.



HERE'S TO STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM -- AND OUR FASHION SHOW!



BE SEEING YOU NEXT MONTH!

Say it with Flowers

Here are suggestions of simple, effective, and different flower arrangements in which to say it beautifully

By CYNTHIA BORDEN

"SAY it with flowers" is more than a slogan. It really means something. It means brightness and gaiety and cheer and thoughtfulness. And at this time of year it means release from gray winter days.

It means fun, too. And a fine bit of attention for your family and friends—and yourself. Try some of these ways of making the house sing with color. First thing you know, you'll be making a real contribution to your mother's parties as well as to your own.

No one can resist a flower. A single flower placed in a milk bottle brings joy into the hardest of hearts. But if you want to get the most enjoyment from flowers, a few simple but tasteful arrangements will increase that enjoyment no end.

It's not necessary to get rare plants from the Orient or the South Seas to make a house look lovely. Combined with a touch of imagination, blossoms from your garden or from the florist shop can produce tremendously pleasing effects.

For instance, by the time you read this the apple trees, the dogwoods, and the bayberries may already have started to bloom. And don't think you're committing a crime if you pick a few of these delicate spring blossoms. There are usually so many on a tree that some pruning is in order. The effect of these various branches tossed haphazardly into a vase may look passable. But to achieve an attractive, even beautiful, effect select one branch, pluck some of the blossoms so that only a few remain, and place in

a vase with a long thin neck and short round base. A little water in the vase will help to keep the branch fresh. Placed on a corner shelf in the living room, it will be unusually bright looking. But don't throw the rest of those blossoms away.



The delicately pink apple blossoms arranged in pyramid fashion in a crimson, oblong vase, with the larger flowers at the base and the buds at the top, is



lovely. Try to arrange this so that no two twigs cross one another, and you will find your friends asking, "Hey, where did you learn floral arrangements?"

The rather large white flowers of the dogwood tree should be cut with small stems so that they can be set in a low round bowl. One of marine blue pro-

duces a particularly striking effect. Four dogwood blossoms, each a little higher than the other in a set-up design, will give refreshing originality to a small room.

The tender branches of forsythia, lovely when growing outdoors, can be completely obscured by bad arrangement indoors. The yellow, bell-shaped flowers must be distinct to the eye. Beware of putting too many branches in one jar or you will have a jumbled mass of color that pleases no one.

With forsythia, especially, simplicity must be the keynote. A few carefully chosen branches, all following a natural and graceful line flowing in the same direction, with one long sparsely-flowered branch at the top, is what catches the eye. Placed on a windowsill with a background of cream-colored Venetian blinds, this one will surely be your favorite.

Going on a hike soon? When you do, be sure that you don't come home empty handed. The meadows are vivid now with dozens of early spring plants. Try to get some pussywillows. But don't just stick them into a bottle of water or, worse, forget to put them in any water at all. Three or four pussywillows are marvelous in a high, green, boxlike vase, with a few long marsh leaves on the side



Next to the Easter lily, perhaps the most regal flower that can be used for the dinner table

is the calla lily. If you haven't grown these large, white, cup-shaped beauties, at the right season you can buy them quite reasonably from the florist. Be sure to ask for the full, deep green calla leaves, and have the flowers cut with long stems. The slender stems are most important in arranging the calla lily. Don't hide them in a long vase, but try to get a low bowl with a flower holder to support the flowers. Placed in this kind of container the flowers seem to flow from the bowl. Place the leaves to the side, and let the flowers lean slightly outward from the center of the bowl. The use of the plant's natural foliage gives the design good proportion, as well as a soft, delicate appearance. Again, try to keep the stems from crossing one another.

What is the most universally known and loved flower in the world? The daffodil (jonquil to some). When your friends come into the house and see daffodils on the piano, you can expect cries of pleasure—especially if the daffodils are the first of the season or the first from your own yard. But when the gang sees daffodils arranged in a new and different manner, there will be justified exclamations of praise.



Since the delicate daffodil is so widely known, there are literally hundreds of ways of presenting it. The flower is most important, not the vase or the number of blossoms. If you put two or three large daffodils in a small rectangular white box where they are held in place with a layer of colored pebbles, you will find yourself gazing

wistfully at the flowers instead of reading the book in your lap. Remember to put the blossoms all to one side of the box, and to include the daffodil spikes (leaves) around the flowers, which should be set so that one comes above the other, the smallest one at the top. A leaf of Chinese evergreen—maybe you can borrow one from your mother's collection—presents a pleasing color contrast.

Never be afraid to combine two or three different kinds of flowers; but when you do, avoid using blossoms at opposite extremes of color and size. The best combinations are the many-blossomed snapdragons with the slender waxlike tulips, and fragrant geraniums with delicate petunias. To get them at the same time, you'll probably have to give some of your allowance to the florist!

The only difficulty in com-



bination is, again, forming an arrangement which does not lack in design and distinction. For example, if you just put some snapdragons and tulips in a vase with some leaves alongside, Mom will say, "Well, it's not bad," and Dad will say, "Mmm," and let it go at that. But if you place the snaps on one side of the bowl and the tulips on the other side, bending gracefully in the same direction, and if you select your leaves from another plant—let's say some geranium foliage—and put it at the base of the arrangement, Dad may immediately start making plans for you to become an interior decorator, or something.

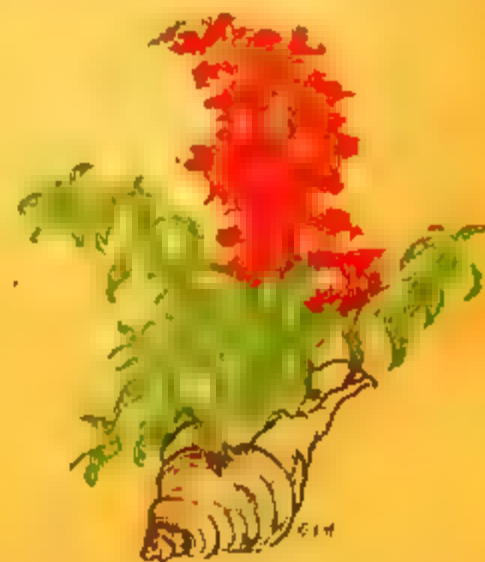
The geraniums and petunias, though, can be arranged a little

more easily, and you might even include tulips in the group. A short squat vase is best for this. Geraniums at the base, petunias scattered among them, and tulips flowing along the top, with clivia spikes—the broad long leaves of the tulip—spread about the sides of the vase, will give the setting a gay, streamlined appearance.

"Isn't all this a little too much?" you may ask. "After all, we don't want the house to look like a garden with all these flowers and leaves and what not!"

Right you are. Don't try all these suggestions at once! Just pick out two or three and use them as basic suggestions. You'll hit on some snazzy arrangements all by yourself. More than two groups of flowers in one room is too much. Just one, if well-arranged, is enough of an eye-catcher.

If you want to present something really different for your mother's fanciest dinner party make a departure from the usual bunch of flowers in the middle of the table. One girl achieved a most unusual effect for her club luncheon by putting two or three gardenias of different sizes in some old pottery shells and placing them in a line down the center of the table! She used white gardenias and sprayed them with a little water. Her friends were more interested in the flowers than in the food! Gardenias are expensive, though. If you want to be original at little cost,



crimson snapdragons in a large conch shell is a swell idea.

With spring's blossoms and buds be sure to have your

flower-compositions in keeping with the fragility and delicacy of this season. Although the same basic principles prevail in flower-arrangement whether you are snipping stems in your April garden or ordering hot-house flowers in December, the changing seasons bring flower-fixers varied opportunities to exercise originality.

Now, in the summer you can somehow feel a change of mood as you look upon the colors around you. Spring's pastels are exchanged for the rich blues of delphinium and larkspur, the magentas and hennas of zinnias, and the brilliant gold of the African marigolds. So as flower colors become increasingly vivid, keep an eye on the vases and bowls you use. That lustre bowl, so perfect for Easter narcissus, would be pretty ridiculous burdened with marigolds. Speaking of marigolds—maybe your mother has one of those old-fashioned brown and gray butter crocks. If so, hasten to borrow it for these brazen beauties and you will be pleasantly amazed with your handiwork! Zinnias too, can be peasant-pretty in crockery.

Of course you'll have roses this summer, whether they are the extra-special ones that Mother and Dad treasure, or the gay ramblers that seem to grow-no-matter! There is a theory about arranging roses in uneven numbers—starting from one rose in its special bud vase, to three, five, and so on up to garden-show figures! If you adopt this method you'll find that the flowers cooperate in bending this way and that to form a balanced, harmonious grouping. Another hint—cut the stems so that you do not have all blooms the same height.

While no flowers should ever be wedged into a vase, there are some flowers that can be used in abundance to advantage. For instance, the big white and gold Shasta daisies are representative of the flowers that are beautiful when used in this manner.

Some summer flowers are so common that they are often overlooked as bouquet possibilities. Tiger lilies are apt to be snobbishly ignored—but have you ever really looked at just one of their flowers? It seems as though Nature made an error in artistry by putting so many identical gorgeous blossoms on one stem! Do a little experimenting yourself with this flower, and try cutting the single blossoms short-stemmed, and place three of them in a low, shining black bowl. Where before you had failed to notice anything but ragged mass of color, now you will see each

petal in all its detailed perfection.

But summer still seems a long way off now, so let's go back to spring in flower-planning. Note all the lovely spring shrub blossoms you can use. And don't forget—whatever flowers you have, the rule is always simplicity and distinction. Whether you grow gentle roses or fluffy carnations, delicate orchids or the tiny lilies of the valley, calendulas or colorful sweet peas, violets or cup-shaped freesias, cyclamen, or heather, daffodils or peonies, the principles for arranging them are the same.

GIRLS IN THE NEWS



4-H TO THE FORE

MARILYN and Ina Lipman, twins, of Titusville, N. J., have more than dark hair and dark eyes in common! Both girls are active 4-H Club members, and they're both thoroughly convinced of the value of poultry products in the daily menu. They are shown here in a demonstration of the use of poultry and eggs in two attractive dishes. The girls were one of two sets of twins who represented the Garden State's 10,000 4-H Club members at the Poultry Industries Exposition of the Northeastern Poultry Producers Council last fall.



MAKE UP YOUR MIND ABOUT

Make-Up

By NELL GILES, Author of "Susan, Be Smooth!"

ONE OF THESE days as spring comes around, you're going to your mirror and try a little lipstick. It's what soft weather does to a girl. If you use none, you'll try some; if you use some, you'll try a brighter color. But if you have your picture taken the first thing the photographer will say is, "Take off your lipstick!" This isn't because his masculine taste hates too much lipstick; it's just that the honest eye of the camera sees you as something you are not—artificial and even a little cheap. "Look natural, please," the photographer is really saying.

A long time ago Hollywood thought that a pretty girl with a lot of dates was a girl with false eyelashes, heavily penciled eyebrows and a Cupid's-

bow mouth made of lipstick. And then along came girls your own age. First there were Deanna Durbin and Judy Gar-

land, to mention only two of them, and some time later, Jane Withers and Virginia Weidler and Ingrid Bergman and a subdeb Shirley Temple. When all of us saw how much more glamorous is the girl who looks natural, Hollywood got the point right away.

If we could all remember that the natural, unartificial look is the right one, we'd never wear too much lipstick, powder the wrong shade, nail polish too dark. Because any of these things look cheap, and glamour has nothing to do with looking cheap. And of course you don't need to give a thought to the use of rouge!

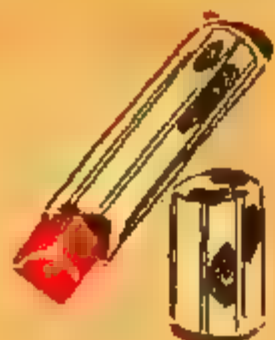
BEAUTY BONER

By FLORETT ROBINSON

This is the tale of Anna K.:
Chocolate soda twice a day;
Vegetables green she detested;
She'd scoff at diets vitamin-tested,
"Water's to wash in, not to drink!"
Said Anna K. "That's what I think!"
Result? Her skin, it blossoms like the rose,
With bumps on cheek, on chin,
on nose.

ABOUT

Lipstick



As for the age when lipstick becomes part of your life—that's a hard one. It's difficult because girls in one part of the country start using lipstick at fourteen while in another part—or even in a community not so far away—there may be school or social rules that say no lipstick before sixteen. Your good sense tells us that you won't be the first in your crowd to use it. Then it won't make you feel self-conscious or conspicuous. It's really up to you.

The time to start wearing lipstick, it seems to us, is when you're going to a party. Don't spring it on your friends at school until you've worn it first for special. It belongs with party clothes at night, when you might look a little pale and washed out without it. But at school, with you in a sweater and skirt, lost in a maze of math, history, and English, plus committee meetings, clubs, and basketball practice, lipstick is just plain out of place, unless you use so little that it doesn't even show.

Actually, all the make-up any girl needs, from now through high school, is a little lipstick and a little powder. And both these, in the very best brands, can be bought at the ten cent store in little sizes, so that you don't get tired of the color long

before you've used it all up.

There's only one safe way of choosing the right color of lipstick, and that's to be sure it blends, rather than contrasts, with the color of your hair, skin, and eyes. For example, a girl with light-brown hair, blue eyes, and pink and white skin should use lipstick which has that lovely bluish-pink look—never a dark-purplish lipstick, or one with a rusty cast. The yellow-reds and rust colors are for girls who have red hair, green or brown eyes, and freckles. A clear red, neither rusty nor bluish, is the right choice for brunettes who are also clear, vivid, and have a sort of definite, black and white way about them.

There's a right and a wrong way to put on lipstick. The wrong way is the "dot and dash" system, which is quick and careless. The right way is with five definite strokes, four on the upper lip and one on the lower, and then careful shaping with your finger. Be sure you've covered the territory as Nature mapped it out, that you haven't exaggerated your upper lip into a Cupid's-bow pout, and that you haven't made the lower lip heavy and extra full. The next step is to wipe the corners of your mouth with a cleansing tissue (never a towel, please!) and then blot off most of the lipstick you've put on. This may seem to be going too far, but try it and admire the natural look it gives your mouth!

Make it a rule to take off just a little more lipstick when you think you have it just about right. Most all of us use too much, and there's nothing in worse taste than too much make-up.

And don't feel you simply have to hawl out the lipstick every five minutes. Boys get very bored with this. And it's an unbecoming habit anyway!

Look natural, please! That's what Hollywood says, as well as your best friend and any boy you care to ask. Looking natural is a girl's best beauty aid. Maybe we seem repetitious—but it's all that important if you are to look smooth!

ABOUT

Powder



And the same rules apply to the use of face powder. First match it perfectly to the color of your skin; don't use powder even one tone lighter. Face powder should never show on your face. It isn't meant to cover up but to uncover the nice texture of your skin. And we might put in a little caution here about the type of face powder to buy—the light kind, never the heavy. You can tell by the way it goes on. Some face powder is so heavy it spreads almost like cream. The feather-weight powder—and there are any number of brands—is light, clinging, and stays right on top of your skin, which means that if you put it on a clean skin to begin with it won't have a tendency to clog the pores. That's an important beauty note because you don't want to have a face that looks like a sieve a few years from now.

In other words—and we repeat because it's so important—the rule is, very little powder, and always on a clean face. You can see that if you rub it on your skin, without first washing your face, you are just encouraging blackheads, pimples, and blemishes.

Tell us what is your greatest problem in being smooth. As many as possible will be answered in the next issue of this magazine. Address your letters to The Make-the-Most-of-Your-Looks Department CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THEN *and* THERE

Olden times and far-off places followed customs that seem pretty strange to us here and now

By SIMPSON M. RITTER

IF YOU get fed up with advice given "for your own good," give a thought to girls of other days and other places. Maybe—who knows?—you'll even decide life isn't so hard here and now.



In Scotland during the 1400's young girls were taught to develop their powers of observation so that they might grow up to be efficient housewives. A girl's training-for-housekeeping began when she was seven or eight. A number of different objects were assembled and then the girl was sent into the room for as long as it took to say a prayer. Led out again, she was closely questioned about what she had seen and where she had seen it. Quiz with a purpose! At other times a room of the house would be set topsy-turvy. After a five-minute view, the bairn was required to give a detailed report of it. Three and four hundred years later the many Scottish families who came to these shores brought along this custom with others.



In Colonial America the girls took the cold showers—so they might grow up sweet-tempered! Bad temper was thought to be caused by fire in the blood which was squelched by cold showers. The maiden stood beneath a punctured-bottom bucket into which icy water was poured.



In Mexico of the 1700's festivals like our May Day were held almost every week throughout the warm months. Each day all the

girls spent hours making hundreds of diadems, and jackets, and skirts or aprons of lovely hibiscus blossoms with which to drape themselves and their young brothers. The pole in the center of the village green was more like a pyramid of hibiscus, so thickly were the blossoms heaped all about it. A great chain of blossoms, elevated off the ground by posts, roped off the ceremonial ground. On the gala days the girls dressed from head to foot in hibiscus garments over their regular clothes and danced about the poles while the young boys played musical instruments or clapped hands in rhythm.



To come to today—but far away—let's travel to the South Seas Island of Roñi, about seven hundred miles southwest of the Philippines. There little girls are permitted to wear only white garments. Colors are the privilege of older girls and married women. Each week young girls must qualify for the tribal dance by catching a baby wild pig in the semi-jungle that covers more than half of the island! If they fail they cannot take part in the dance. And if they aren't in the dance, they can't enjoy such eats as honeyed roast pork, jerri-berry jam, little "runli" fish broiled with sweet grass, and the native soda pop which is really the juice of a plant that tastes something like oversweet, flat cherry soda.



Spoon Detective has nothing to do with the West but it will bring hilarity to your wild-west party

WILD WEST in your Back Yard

If you're looking for something really different in the way of a party, your search will end as soon as you read this

By GWEN YOUNGBLOOD

IF YOU have a birthday coming up, you can give a party that will be a ki-yi-yippee success and long remembered in the neighborhood. Make it a western barbecue and ask the guests to come in cowboy outfits. Those who own none can easily assemble them of slacks or jeans and gaudy shirts, with bright bandannas tied around their heads.

Plan the party around the barbecue stove in your back

yard. If you have no such outfit, one can be improvised by building the fire in an old tub partly filled with sand and set on bricks. Or you can build the fire on a square of sheet iron.

If you have a tent—or can borrow one—pitch it near the campfire for atmosphere. An older member of the family, dressed in gypsy costume, can be installed inside to tell the fortunes of the group with fortune-telling cards, which can

be bought at almost any dime store, to read palms. She need not be psychic, but a lively imagination will help in foretelling the futures of your friends. Also, for atmosphere, collect some strong horsy clothes to hang about the tent.

Place your largest table convenient to but not too near the campfire. Spread the table with a paper tablecloth or oilcloth. This is a ranch party, you know, and need not be prettied up.

When all the guests are assembled, start the festivities off with a scavenger hunt, which will take care of the company while you get your fire started and ready for the barbecue. Give them a list of things to

get, such as a picture of a horse, a strand of hair from a horse's tail, a piece of leather, and the feather from an Indian's war bonnet (any feather will do for this). It's more fun if they hunt in couples. The couple that comes back first with a complete list—or with the most nearly complete—wins a prize.

Another game that will make for hilarity at your party is Spoon Detective, even though it has nothing to do with the West. Blindfold one of the guests and give him a large cooking spoon, the bigger the better. Then turn him around three times and push him gently in the direction of the rest of the group. He is allowed to examine with the back of the big spoon the first person he bumps into. By the giggles, he should guess who the victim is. The person caught may crouch and twist but may not move his feet from their original spot.

Another game you can play for a prize is the one where pictures are identified. Cut pictures of Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, Gary Cooper, or even an old one of Bill Hart, if you can find any, from the magazines and paste them over one of the outdated standing show cards you may obtain from the grocery. Pictures of some of the lesser known characters of Walt Disney may also be included for variety. You might even throw in a glamour girl or an infamous crook. Number them all and provide for each guest slips of paper with identical numbers. The guests then write down the identity of each picture beside the corresponding number on the list. You're right—the one with the most correctly named gets the prize. Prizes are simple, inexpensive, and in keeping with the general plan of the party.

While the fire is dying down

just enough to cook hot dogs to perfection, lead the group in cowboy songs such as "Home on the Range," "Gold Mine in the Sky," and "Boots and Saddles." If you include a guitar among your props, you may discover your guests have hidden talents.

Next come the eats. And what eats! Wieners grilled to a turn on the heavy wire screening over your fire, or toasted on long sticks by the guests themselves; toasted buns; and all the trimmings—onions, mustard, piccalilli, sliced tomatoes and barbecue sauce—take your choice! The traditional birthday cake may be served, and a glass of fruit juice or punch. This will be plenty of refreshment unless some of the gang insist on toasting marshmallows over the fading coals.

When the time comes for goodbyes, they will be reluctant ones, and thank-yous will be hearty—in the western manner!



While the fire is dying down to perfect cooking embers, lead the gang in some of those fine old cowboy songs

ON THE AIR



Charita Bauer played Betty Ross on "Our Barn," with Peter Fernandez (left) as George Washington, George Sturgeon as Robert Morris, and young Patsy O'Shea as a handmaiden

WE have a sort of "Information, Please" game that we play sometimes with the girls and boys who write us letters, asking questions about the children who act in the plays in "Our Barn" and ride with us "Coast to Coast on a Bus." We answer their questions with "Did-you-know . . ." Perhaps you too would like to know something about the girls your own age who are on the air, who take part in stories and plays on the radio

Did you know that Charita Bauer, who plays Mary in the "Aldrich Family," is eighteen years old and has been on the air since she was eight? She has broadcast with Helen Menken in "Second Husband"; she was a little hill-billy girl in

"Young Widder Brown", on "The March of Time" she's been a French girl, an English Princess, a Chinese girl, and an Austrian. She played the leading part in "Cavalcade of America" last winter when she was Annabelle Lee. She played a part on "Billy & Betty" for a

long time, and she was the leading lady of "Our Barn" on Saturday mornings for several years. Charita took time out from radio work to appear in four plays on Broadway, and had great personal success as the little girl in "The Women." Last season she had a leading part in "Your Loving Son."

When she was sixteen, Charita was graduated from the Professional Children's School, in New York City, where she

By MADGE TUCKER

Your old friend, the Lady Next Door, tells some of the facts of the lives of girls like you who take part in stories and plays on the radio

completed her high school course in three years. She loves to read, and one of her hobbies is collecting old and rare books. She's full of gaiety and enthusiasm. She's very pretty, with sparkling dark eyes and dark-brown hair, and a smile that makes you want to smile, too.

Marilyn Miller, who is fifteen years old, has dark hair, too, and soft brown eyes. She's very pretty and quite tall for her age—about five feet seven—and hasn't stopped growing! When she first came to the National Broadcasting Company to see me about five or six years ago, she wanted to sing on "Our Barn." She was a shy little girl then, and very quiet. Now she's vivacious and gay and much fun. She's always the center of a crowd of laughing girls and boys. Although Marilyn came to radio as a singer, she's had all sorts of jobs acting. She has appeared on "Our Gal Sunday," "The March of Time," "Death Valley Days."

Marilyn and Charita shared the leading parts on "Our Barn." Marilyn sings every Sunday on "Coast to Coast on a Bus" and one proud day last summer she won an audition from about fifty older girls for a singing part on the Guy Lombardo show. Now she can be heard with Guy Lombardo's band every Saturday night. Her name on the program is Baby.

Marilyn lives in Bogota, New Jersey, and is in the high school of the Holy Angels Academy. When she isn't in school or rehearsing for a radio show, Marilyn is writing scripts or giving plays of her own. The basement at the Miller house has seen marionette shows and real plays put on by the children of the neighborhood. About a year ago, Marilyn received a home recording

machine, so now when there's a party at her house Marilyn write a script and the crowd has loads of fun making a record. The record is saved so that the next time they're all together they can hear it again and laugh over it. Last spring Marilyn organized an acting company of girls and boys from radio and they call themselves "The Young Curtain Raisers," with one of themselves as director.

Jean Lewis is Marilyn's co-writer of scripts, and co-organizer of "The Young Curtain Raisers." Jean is sixteen. She was born in Shanghai, China, while her father was with an oil company that had offices in the Orient. Later the Lewis family returned to America and settled in Florida. It was from there that they came to New

York and Jean came to radio. Like Marilyn, she came to sing. She has a sweet voice and a charming personality which comes right over the microphone. When she first came to New York, Jean had quite a southern accent. But she feared it would limit her radio career, so she set out to lose it as quickly as she could. Now the accent is hardly noticeable unless she needs it for a southern part. Jean is about five feet six inches tall, and slender, with dark hair and large, deep-blue eyes. She has tiny hands and feet, and a soft speaking voice. Not content to wait for a radio job to come to her, she goes out after it; and usually she gets it, too. Jean has had regular parts on "Orphans of Divorce"; "Stella Dallas"; "Bess Johnson." Only recently she got



Marilyn Miller is a fifteen-year-old high school student. When she isn't studying or rehearsing, she is busy writing her own scripts and plays that are produced by a group of radio girls and boys who call themselves "The Young Curtain Raisers."

her first chance to play Peggy in "The Aldrich Family." And then, right after that, she became Phyllis in "The Parker Family." Between radio programs she finds time to go to movies, and she reads everything she can lay her hands on.

Ann Blyth, who is thirteen, is another little girl with dark hair and blue eyes. She was born in New York City of Irish-American parents, and came to radio about three years ago, when she was ten. Her only professional experience had been with an opera company where she played the role of Madame Butterfly's little child. She has a beautiful singing voice and a lovely speaking voice, too. And while Marilyn's voice sounds younger than Marilyn really is, Ann's voice sounds older, for it has a depth and a serious quality that is very sweet and appealing and unusual. Ann has appeared regularly on "Our Barn" and "Coast to Coast on a Bus." She might have been on a good many other radio programs during the past year, had she not been chosen to play Paul Lukas' daughter in "Watch on the Rhine" which has been running on Broadway for more than a year. Since that takes every evening and two afternoons each week, Ann has been pretty busy. She is a very good student, and is in the high school of the Professional Children's School.

Nancy Petersen is a redhead. She is just seventeen years old and is in her second year at the New Jersey State College for Women! That may make Nancy sound very grown up; but she isn't, really. She looks like a little girl, although she has acquired a little more dignity now that's she a sophomore. Nancy was born in Washington, D. C., where her father was working for the government. Later, they moved to California for a short time. And then they came east again, lived in Baltimore, and finally settled in New Jersey on a lovely farm which they call "Folly Farm." There are apple trees, and lilac bushes, a brook, and an outdoor fire-

place, and the house itself is over a hundred years old. All the girls and boys in radio love to be invited to Folly Farm. Two or three times a year, there's a big picnic out there. Then the house is so full of girls and boys that they overflow into the orchard and the meadows—and even into the brook!

But you'd like to know about Nancy's radio career. She started on "Coast to Coast on a Bus." She had a funny, dry, natural little voice that gave you a picture of a real girl. And she almost never made a mistake. When she read a line it was just as if Nancy were talking—not reading. Soon another director heard her and began calling her for radio programs. She

appeared on many and the money she received from this work was put into the bank for her college education. She hasn't decided what she's going to do when she finishes college; but her friends are hoping and expecting that Nancy will become a writer, for she has very definite talent for writing.

There are others—lots of other girls just like you who've had some success in radio. They're real girls, who love to dance and read and play just as you do. They go to school, and they have their disappointments, their successes, their problems just as you have. Because they're close to the big broadcasting centers it's been easier for them to get a hearing and to get into radio.

Susan Says

IT'S ALL in the way you look at things! Now, take my crowd. Naturally we're all concerned about complexions. (We simply consume Nell Giles' stuff on "how to be smooth as maple mousse!") But my small sister Patsy has a different slant on life. Her dolls are much more important than her looks right now, but at the same time she can be a sensitive flower.

But to go on—Mom had suggested a dinner party for the gals, followed by a movie party, and it was finally agreed that since Patsy is too young for late hours she should be allowed to have dinner with us as a special treat. Well, everyone was having a swell time (in a dinner-party way, of course) and I'm afraid we sort of left Patsy out of our conversation and she was unusually subdued by so many older girls at one shot. We were involved in serious talk about how to get what is supposed to be a school-girl complexion when there was a cry of anger and distress from Patsy. We were simply staggered to see her turn positively crimson! Well, what do you suppose was wrong? We were trying to find out, when she sobbed to Mom: "They don't have to be so mean about it! They said, 'Look at Patsy's face! Not a blemish on it!'"

"Susan" is a typical reader of this magazine. This month what "Susan Says—" came from fifteen-year-old Janet Moore, of Saginaw, Mich. How would you like to write "Susan Says—" Now's your chance. Each month CALLING ALL GIRLS will print and will pay \$5.00 for the best "Susan Says—" contribution from a girl reader. It can be on any subject—as long as it is not longer than 200 words. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. All of them become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. Address them to Susan, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON



Gosh, I'd rather sit in my room and read after school but my parents are always telling me to "get fresh air" and play with the kids on the street where I live. Why are they like that? Some parents are just delighted if their daughters read books.—Elizabeth M., aged 12, Mass.

OF course Elizabeth's mother and father are glad to know that she enjoys and can profit by good literature. But what they want, too, is that she should have a balanced day—and a balanced life.

What this means is simply this: that Elizabeth should have many experiences learning to play—as well as work—with girls and boys about her own age. Her parents do not expect her to live the lonely life of a hermit and they realize she needs companionship—to get it and to give it.

And now as for the fresh air! Too bad parents call it that—makes it sound just too hygienic! But as a matter of fact, being outdoors in the sun and air—running and jumping and otherwise exercising fine and vigorous young bodies—after long hours of sitting in school—is very good and very important. Time for being alone—with books and thoughts and make-believing—yes. But time, too, for contacts with other young people and for enjoying the

HERE'S your opportunity to get things off your chest! And by so doing to get comfort—and even suggestions that will prove practical. Problems can usually be solved by speaking up, seeking help, exchanging experiences and ideas, and trusting those who can help.

Alice Barr Grayson has had a lot of experience in helping other girls, in person and over the radio. That's why she was invited to conduct this department. Won't you write and tell her what's on your mind? Write Alice Barr Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

outdoors. We hope Elizabeth's parents do want such a balanced life for her and aren't really so prejudiced in favor of an excessive amount of fresh air-ing.

I belong to a club. All of the girls are in the same class in high school. We have sixteen members and at our last meeting we decided we wanted to do something right away to help all we can to win the war. We think this is the most important thing to do. It seems silly just to keep on going to school and studying the things we do. Don't you agree with us?—Alice W., aged 15½, Ariz.

ALICE and her friends are right in feeling that this is a time for everybody—young and old—to do his or her part to help to win this war which has been thrust upon our country. She and the other girls are mistaken, however, if they think the regular tasks and incidents of daily life are no

longer important, and should be given up or sacrificed in favor of what seem to be more dramatic and exciting things to do. For students like Alice and her clubmates, school work, play, reading, meeting their responsibilities at home and outside—all these things continue to be very essential. They safeguard morale and preserve present and future resources greatly needed by our country and the whole world. As individuals and as a nation we must keep the wheels of our fine civilization going. Not to do so would be helping our enemies!

Of course, this interesting-sounding group of girls can also give special services during this time of war. Gradually programs are being worked out on all sides, and more and more people will be called upon to help. These girls can find out what their particular community expects of them and then—with the consent of their parents, of course—they can offer to do all they can. Every single individual is important; and the young people of our country are our most precious asset. We want them to be kept as safe as possible, to carry on in all normal ways they can, and to serve in whatever new ways seem suitable and wise.

My grandma says my puppy should not come into the house. She says his hair gets all over everything. Do you think it is fair to make him stay in his doghouse all the time? He is very cute.—Peggy I., aged 8, Mo.

THIS seems to be a problem for the family to solve. If the puppy has a doghouse, he can probably be made quite comfortable there. Lots of dogs are less fortunate! However, we can hardly blame Peggy for wanting to bring her pet into the house now and then.

Perhaps she can train him to stay in just one or two rooms. And he might be kept out of the

house when he's shedding most—for there is a season for that. Grandmother may get to like Peggy's pet better after a while—when he has been helped to be less of a nuisance! And we should ask who cleans up after the hair-shedding takes place. Maybe Peggy could offer to do so, and that would take care of that! After all, the fun and privilege of having a pet carries the responsibility of taking care of it—more and more as one grows older!

My big problem is my big brother. He's 17 and he thinks it's smart to tease me. And how he loves to see me get mad! Calls me the deb and tells me I am always putting on airs and trying to be a grownup. Can't see why I put my hair up in curlers—I mean just week ends—and why I keep begging for an ankle-length dress. Sometimes I think I'll yell when he acts that way. What advice can you give me?—Dotty P., aged 14, Ore.

BIG brothers seem to show their interest and—yes, their affection—in the strangest ways! What would they do if they didn't have younger sisters to tease or annoy sometimes?

Perhaps, too, they actually enjoy seeing young sisters "get mad"! And if the latter disappoint them and fail to show any annoyance at all (even if they feel some) most of the fun of teasing would be lost; and it is more than likely they'd just give it up!

Another thing to remember is that it really is hard for a slightly young man to understand how girls feel about important things such as curlers and more formal gowns—at least until they're a bit older and have grown more accustomed to seeing their girl friends get excited about such things. To their manly minds it seems necessary to say that these feminine things are silly and unimportant!

Perhaps Dotty would admit that she doesn't really mind so very, very much, that if that

big, pesky brother would stop "annoying" her in the ways she describes—all of a sudden, for instance—she'd miss his "attentions." And first thing she knows, he'll probably begin to notice how attractive his "kid sis" can look in her feminine finery and frills! And should he happen to notice that some other boys admire her, he'll feel quite proud, no doubt, even if he doesn't say so! Big brothers usually turn out just like that. Younger sisters just simply must give them time!

My mother is always saying I don't spend enough time on my homework. But I get good marks in school. Why does she keep nagging me about this?—Rebecca L., aged 12, Ont.

IT'S a sign of interest! For Rebecca's mother does care greatly about her daughter's education; and, since she realizes Rebecca is a very bright girl, she wants her to work at

learning so she will do her best. (Of course, we too wish she wouldn't "nag"; she probably does not think she's doing that.)

It is true, however, that people do not always stop to think that learning happens in different ways for different people. Rebecca probably "gets" the facts and impressions the school requires of her—and which she wants to acquire for herself—rather quickly, through listening, reading, observing, being alert, alive, curious, and interested. If she is doing well at school maybe her mother can learn to realize that it is not how much time is spent as what use is made of it!

It may be that Mrs. L. believes Rebecca needs help in budgeting her work and her playtime. Rebecca can prove that she is really capable and willing to balance her time sensibly and well. Her mother will want her to have time for fun and play, for friends, for being by herself, for helping.

Now you can read
a NEW
CALLING ALL GIRLS
every month!



Big brothers show interest in the strangest ways! And maybe they even enjoy seeing younger sisters "get mad"!

AIR HOSTESS

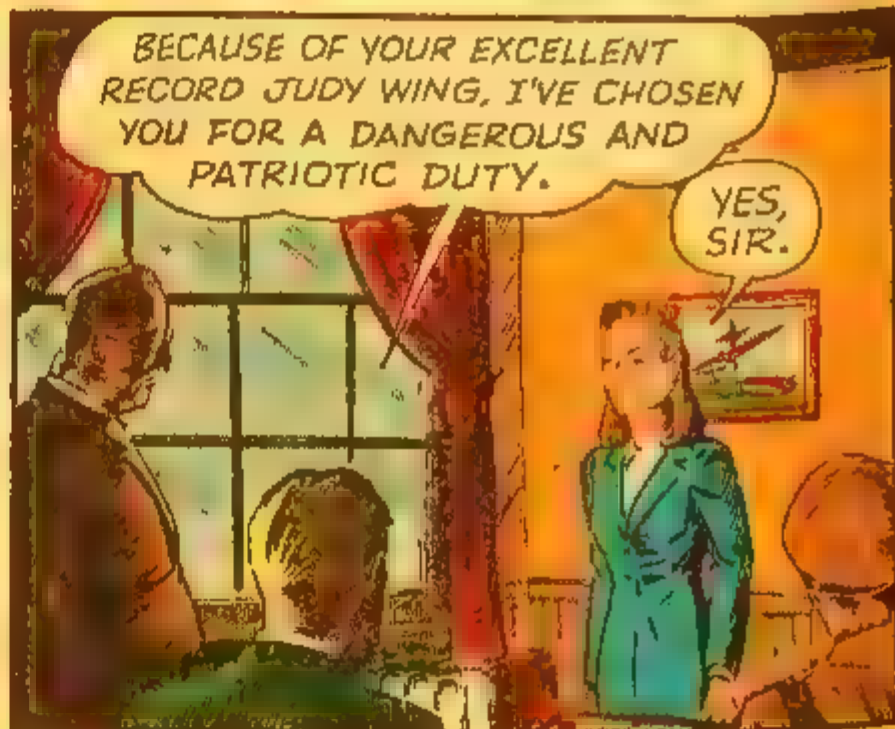
No. 1

JUDY WING
AMERICAN
PATRIOT...

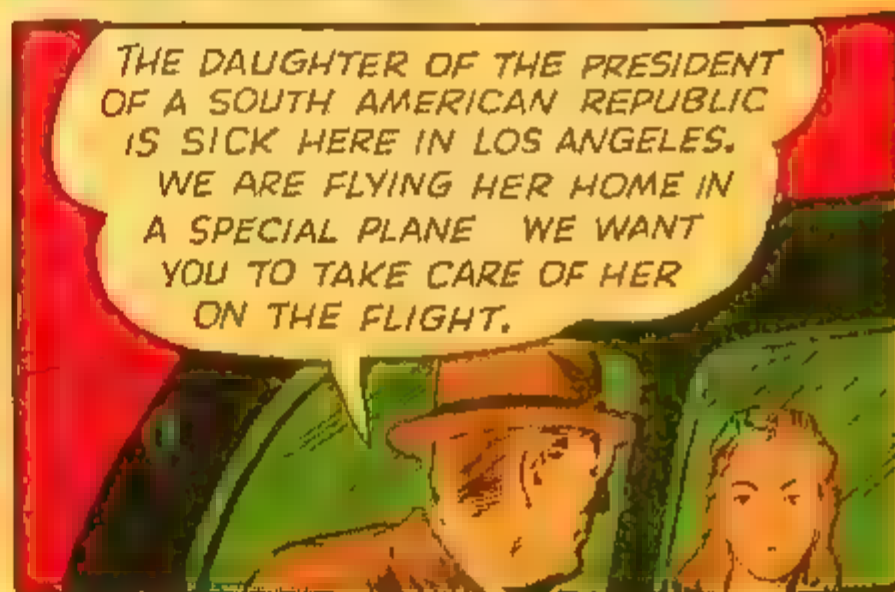


BECAUSE OF YOUR EXCELLENT RECORD JUDY WING, I'VE CHOSEN YOU FOR A DANGEROUS AND PATRIOTIC DUTY.

YES, SIR.



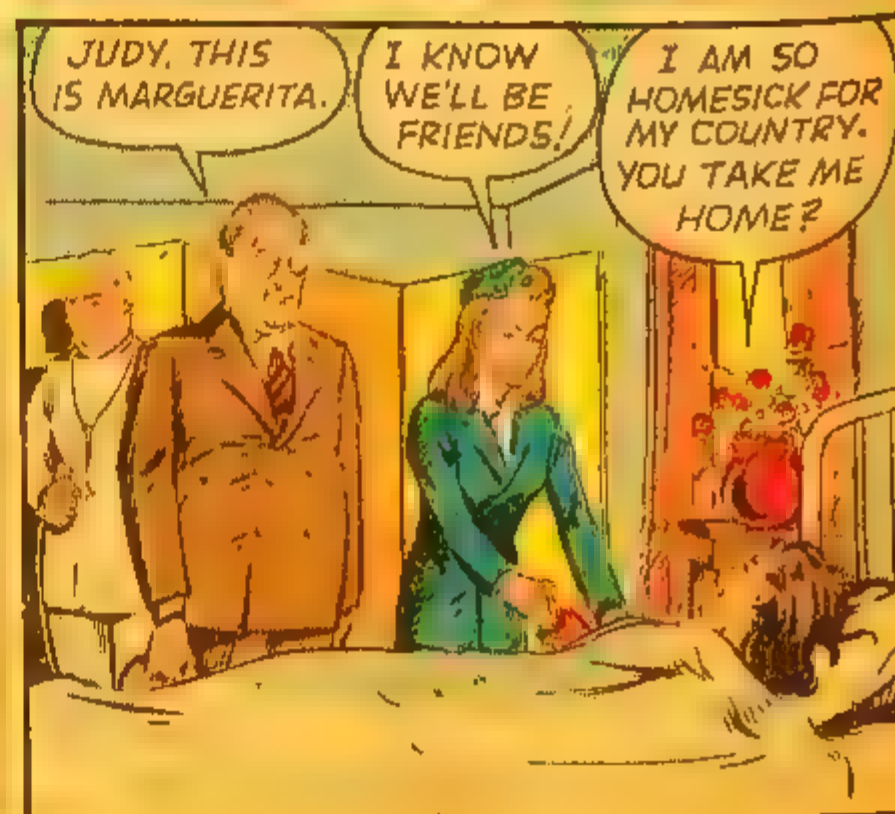
THE DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT OF A SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLIC IS SICK HERE IN LOS ANGELES. WE ARE FLYING HER HOME IN A SPECIAL PLANE. WE WANT YOU TO TAKE CARE OF HER ON THE FLIGHT.

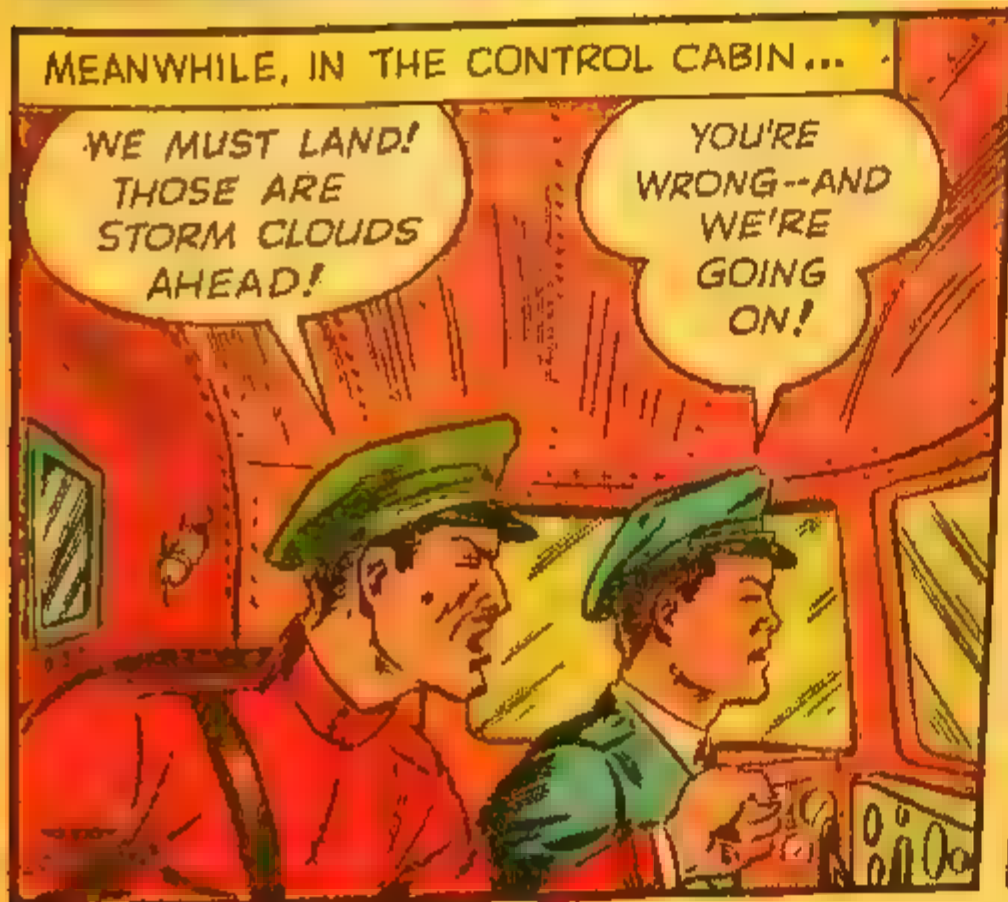
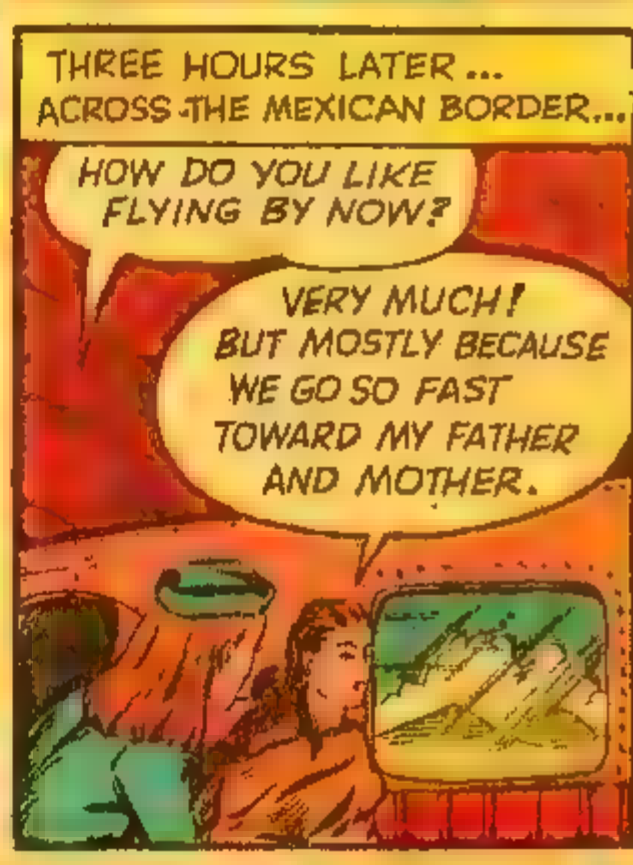
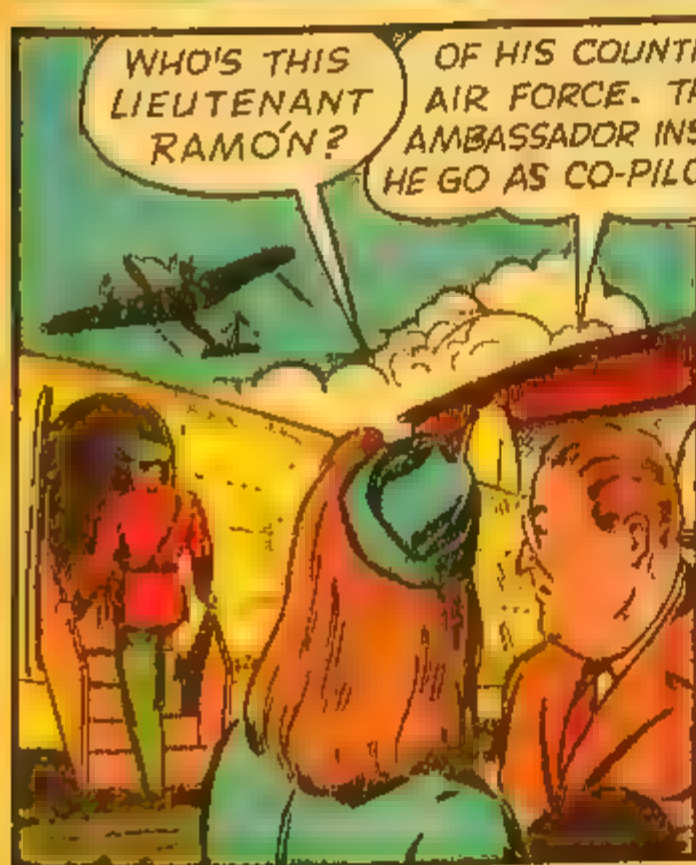
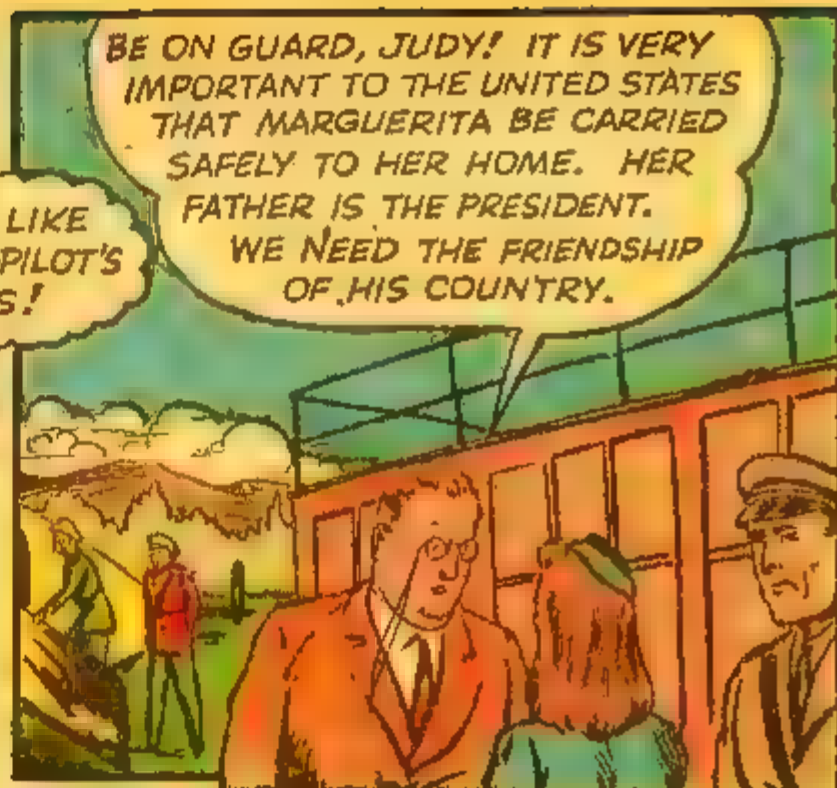
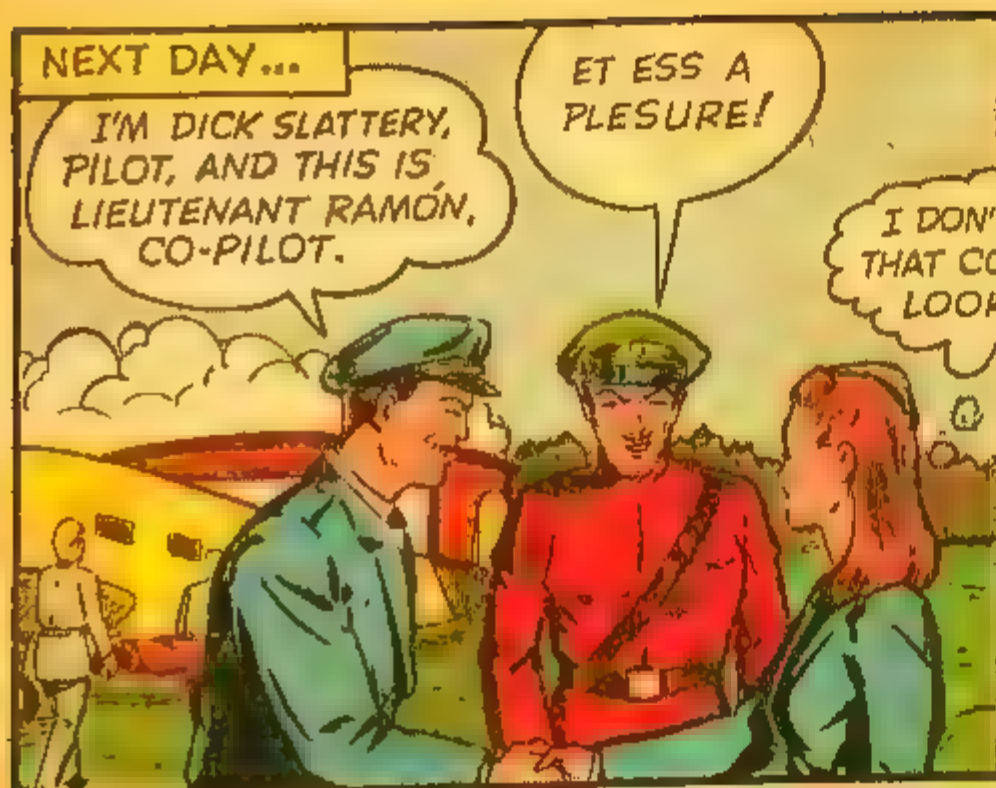


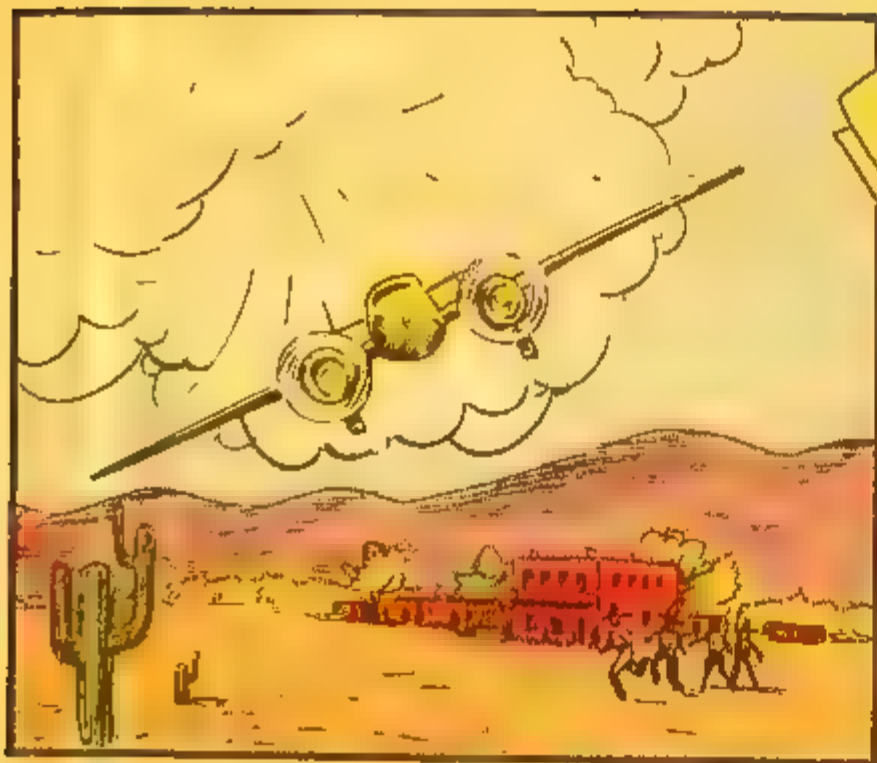
JUDY, THIS IS MARGUERITA.

I KNOW WE'LL BE FRIENDS!

I AM SO HOMESICK FOR MY COUNTRY. YOU TAKE ME HOME?



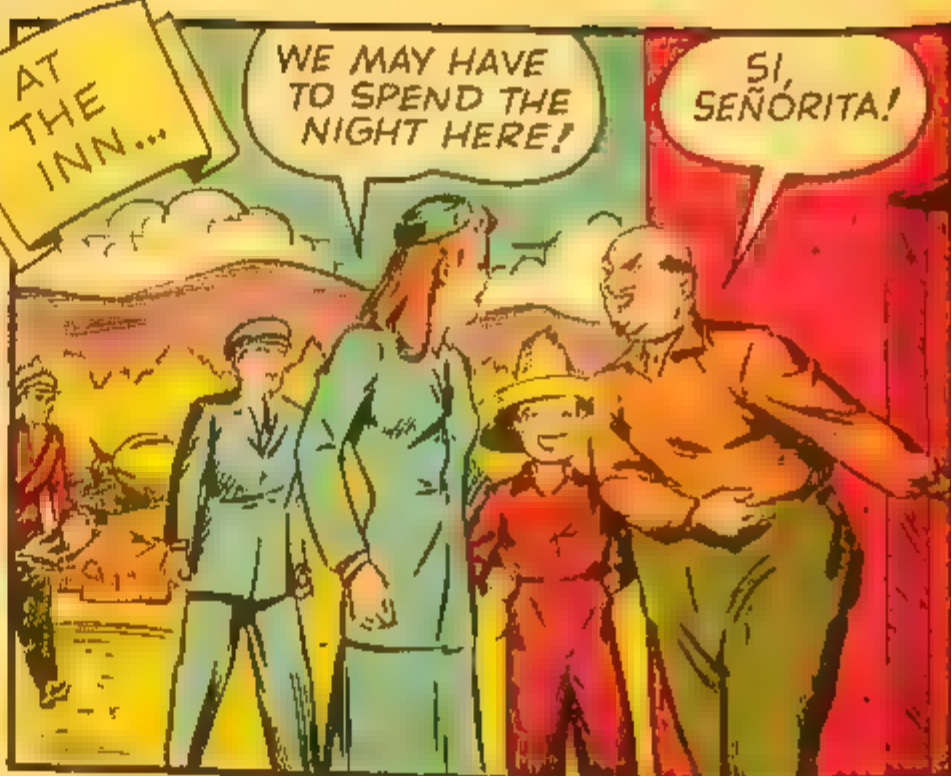




AT
THE
INN...

WE MAY HAVE
TO SPEND THE
NIGHT HERE!

SI,
SEÑORITA!



CURIOUSER AND
CURIOUSER! AND I
DON'T LIKE **HIS**
LOOKS, EITHER!



THAT NIGHT, WHILE
MARGUERITA SLEPT...

SO--DICK WAS RIGHT.
THAT STORM WAS
A **FAKE!**



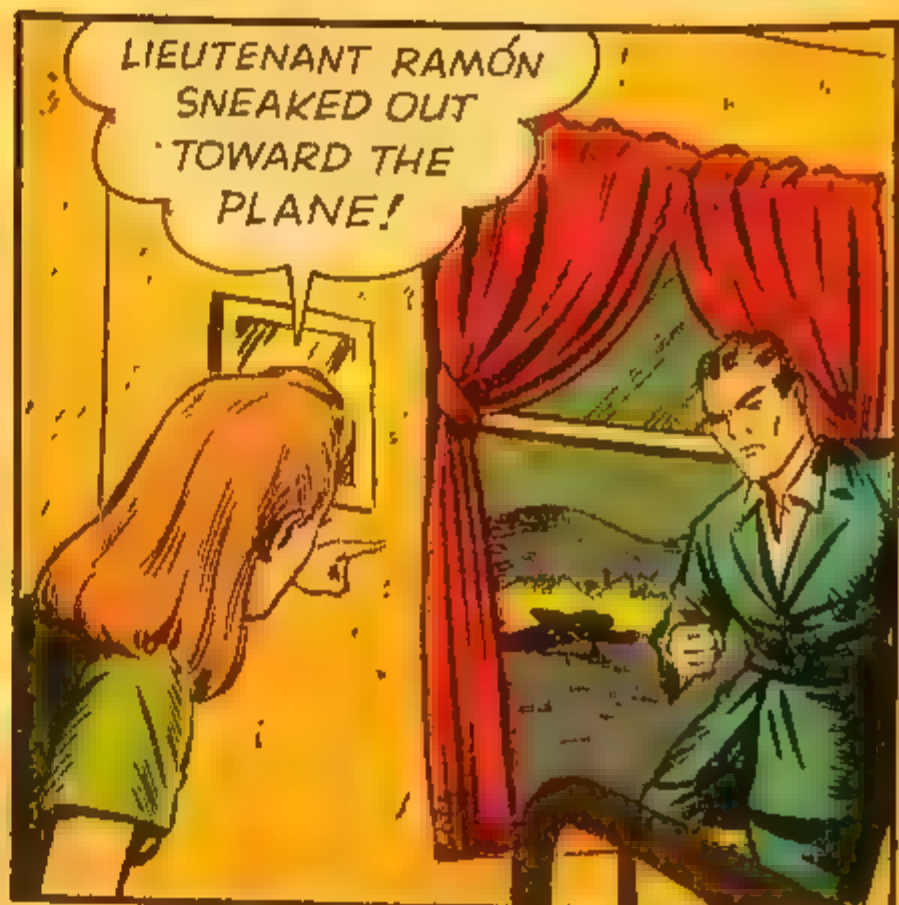
I'VE GOT
TO WARN
DICK!

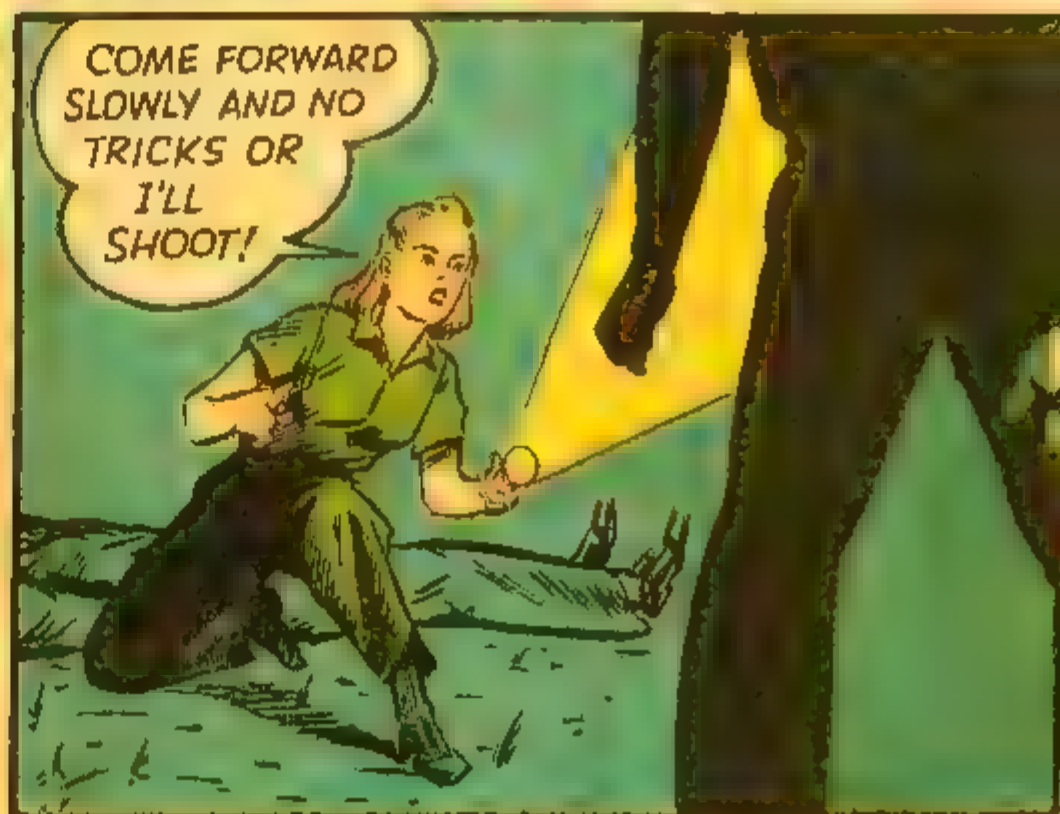
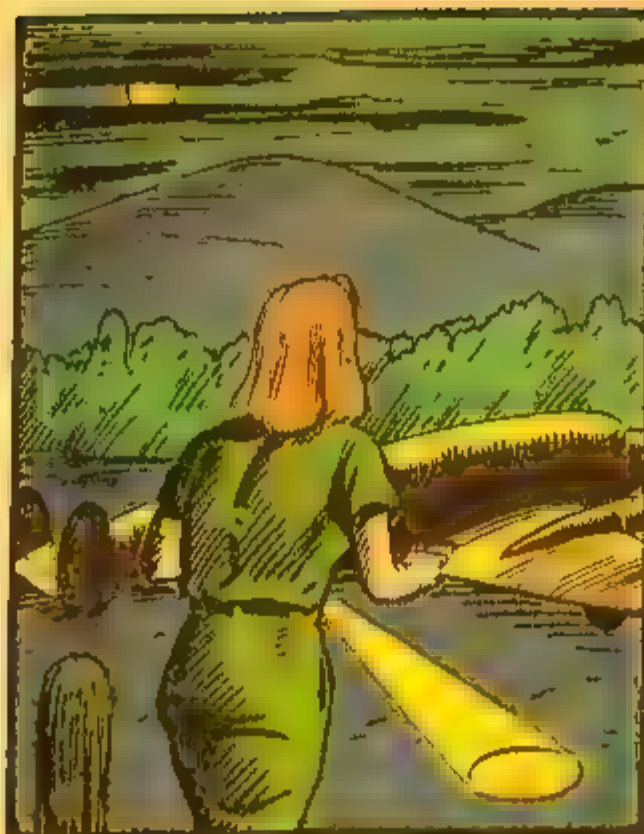


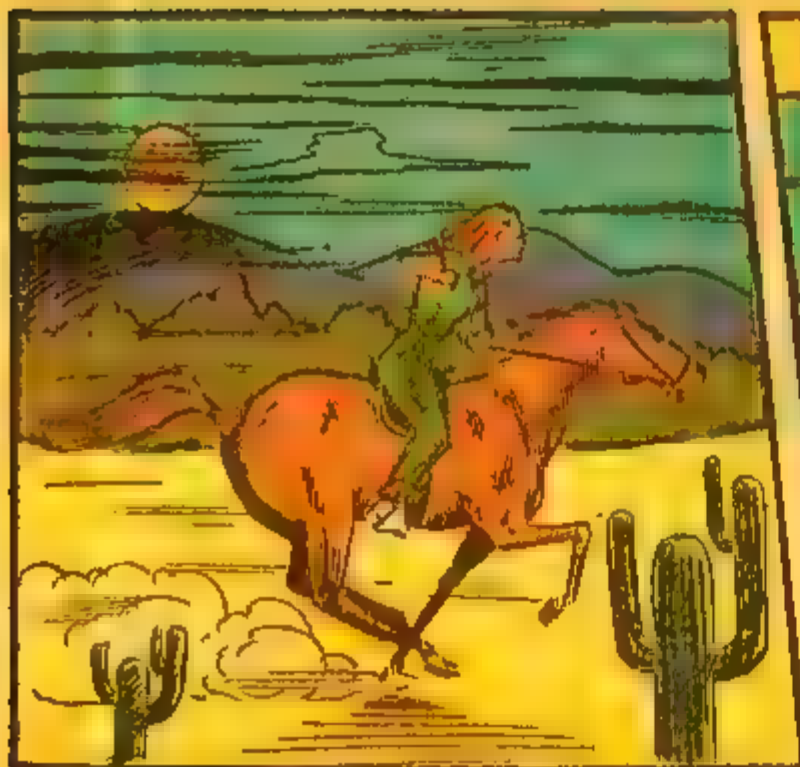
WAKE UP, DICK!
THERE'S TROUBLE!



LIEUTENANT RAMÓN
SNEAKED OUT
TOWARD THE
PLANE!

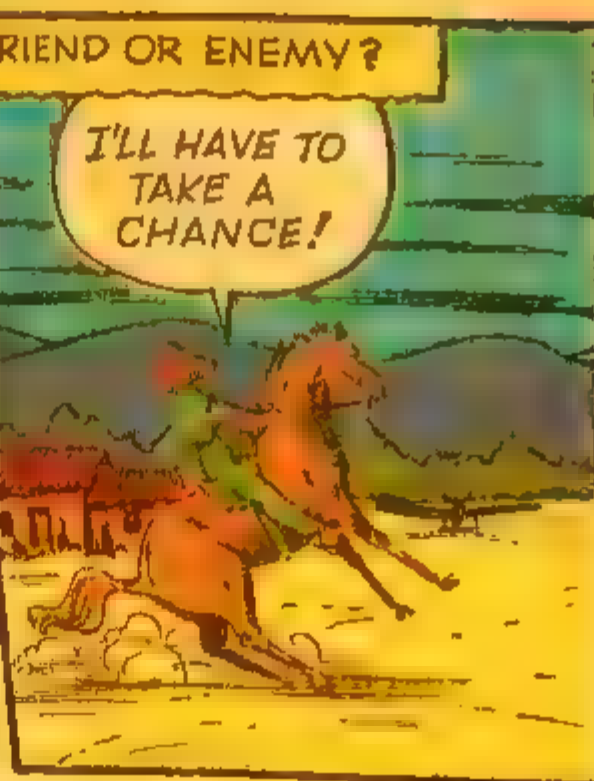






FRIEND OR ENEMY?

I'LL HAVE TO
TAKE A
CHANCE!



--AND NOW I'M SURE RAMÓN
HAS PLOTTED WITH THE GERMAN
RANCHER TO USE THIS SICK CHILD
TO RUIN THE FRIENDLY RELATIONS
OF THE UNITED STATES WITH
SOUTH AMERICA. CAN YOU
FLY A PLANE?



BACK TO THE INN!

MY FATHER WILL GO
TO THE FORT AFTER
SOLDIERS -- WE
HURRY AHEAD!

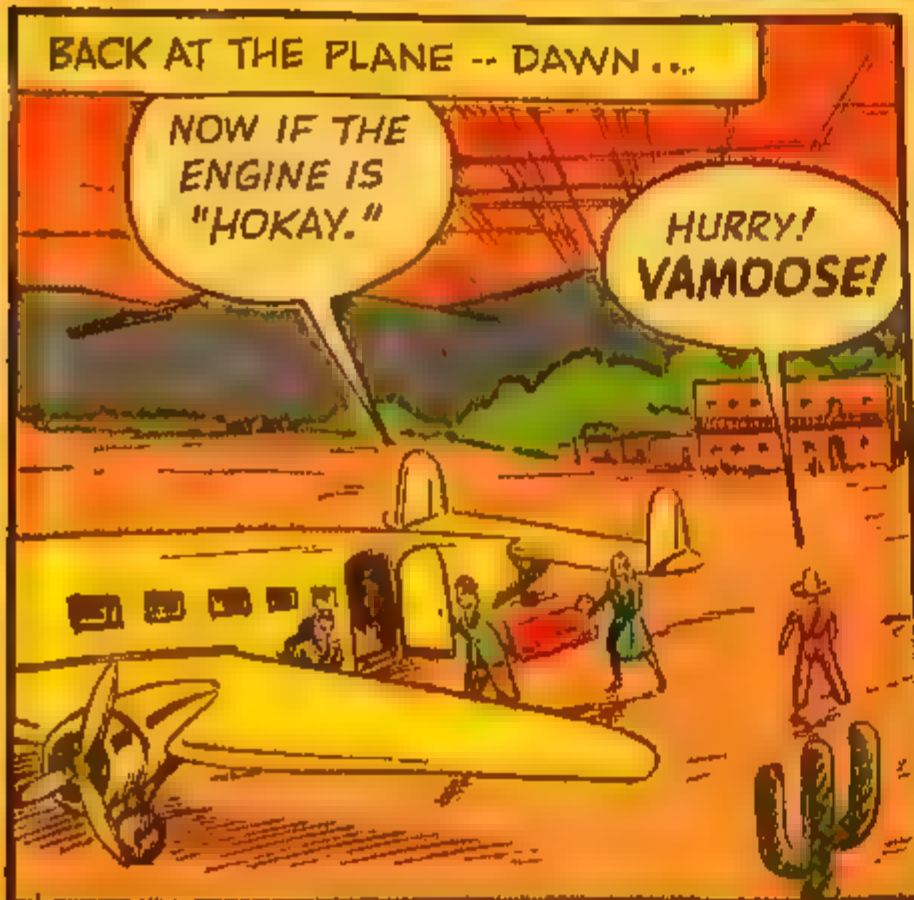
WE'D HAVE GOT
BACK FASTER WITH
YOUR PLANE, BUT
THEY'D HAVE
HEARD
US.



BACK AT THE PLANE -- DAWN ...

NOW IF THE
ENGINE IS
"HOKAY."

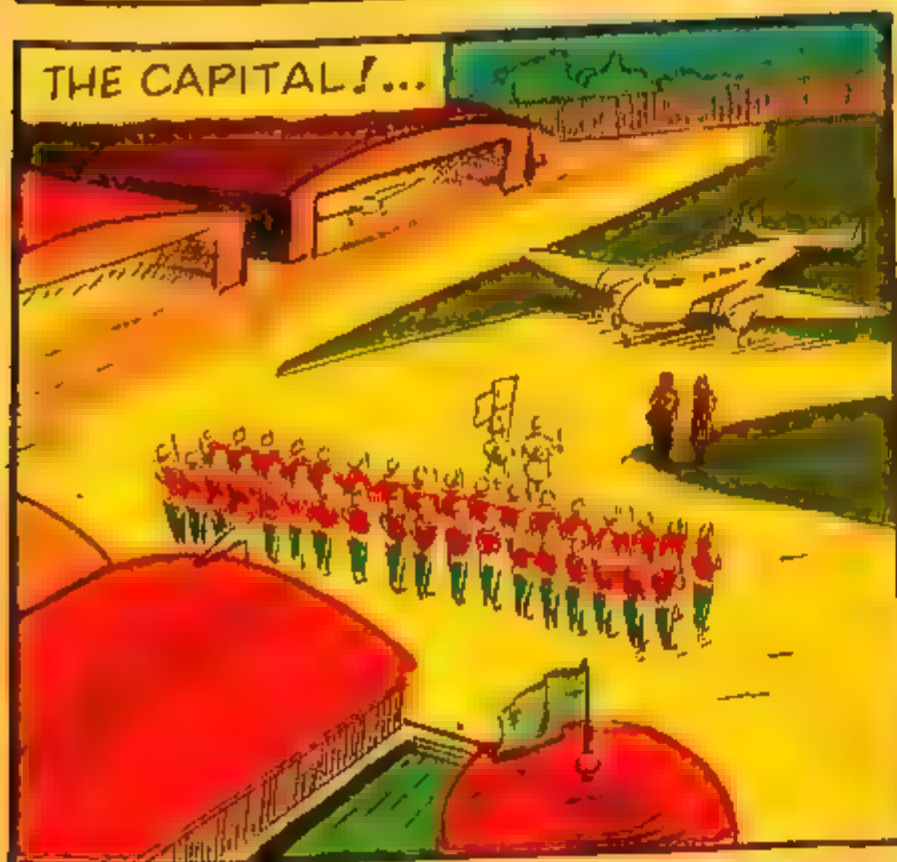
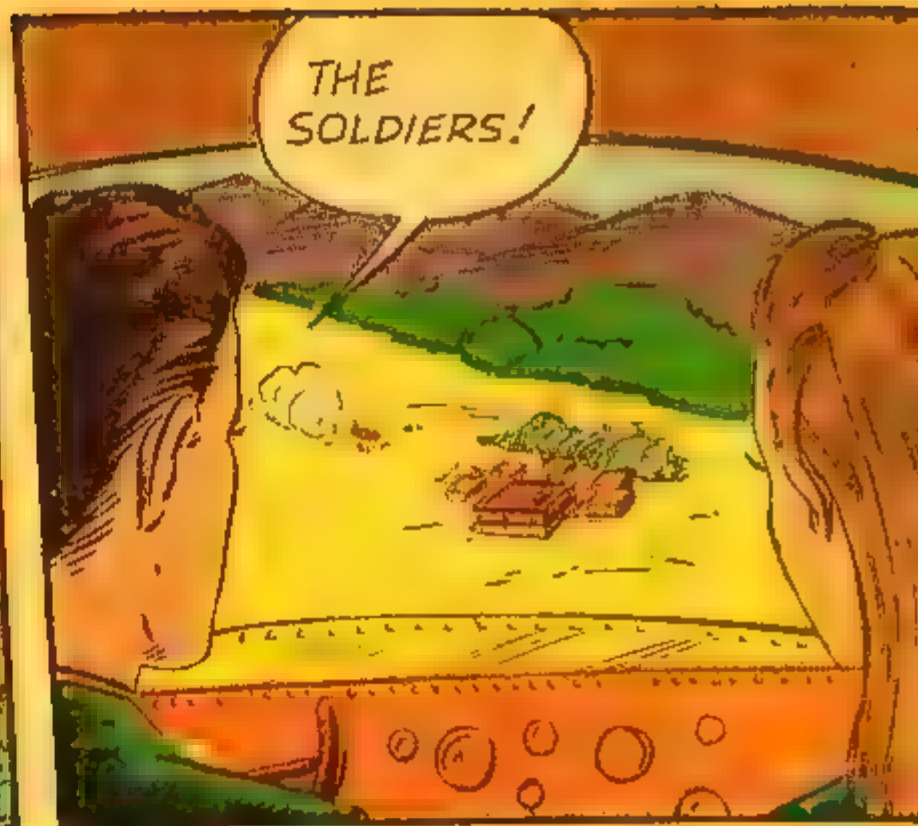
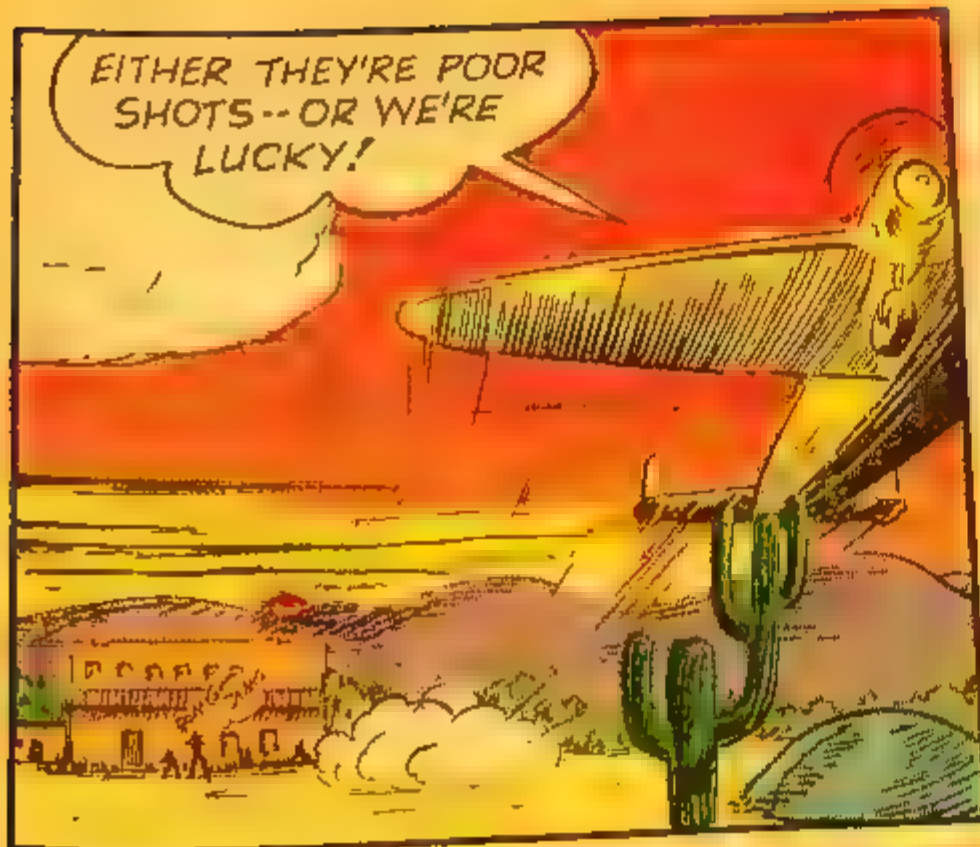
HURRY!
VAMOOSSE!



HALT!

GOODBYE,
TRAITOR!







Movies Match

By CATHERINE C. EDWARDS



YOU'D never think of wearing a cerise bow with a red dress and even the well-behaved lipstick doesn't clash with other colors. So why take a chance on seeing the right movie at the wrong time, especially now that defense activities make us choosy about how we spend our leisure.

What we mean is, when you want to "pack up your troubles" look for something effervescent such as "Ride 'Em Cowboy," with Abbott and Costello, or "Blondie Goes to College." For the determined mood most Americans are in these days, there are a lot of fine, patriotic films which really have something inspiring to say (they're not just flag-wavers)—"Joe Smith, American" is one, and London's typical chin-up heroine, "Mrs. Miniver," is coming soon with Greer Garson in a role she was made for. For the romantic mood which we all love to indulge in now and then to forget the war there's Tyrone Power in "Son of Fury," although it's a bit heavy on he-man fisticuffs. And for seeing ourselves as others see us there are amusing as well as heart-warming chronicles of family life in America, such as "The Vanishing Virginian" and "On the Sunny Side."

Incidentally, the movies seem to have a place in helping win a war, for films are more frequented in Britain than ever before, with our own Mickey Rooney and Deanna Durbin the leading favorites.

1 For the first time the screen brings us the Russian Ballet, just as presented by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, in stunning Technicolor Featurettes. (W.B.)

2 Between heap big injun and fightin' frontiersman (Dick Foran) Costello is praying for Abbott to rescue him in "Ride 'Em Cowboy." (Univ.)

3 Gloria Warren's lovely voice is first heard in "Always in My Heart." Patty Hale and the dog are newcomers, too. (W.B.)

4 We could spank Blondie and Dagwood for being kids again in "Blondie Goes to College," but it's a funny film. (Col.)

5 "Valley of the Sun" is one of those super action films which takes place amid such magnificent scenery that by the time the picture is over you feel as if you've been on a tour of the West. (RKO)

6 Virginia Weidler and Ray McDonald have won so much praise in supporting roles that they are given top dancing

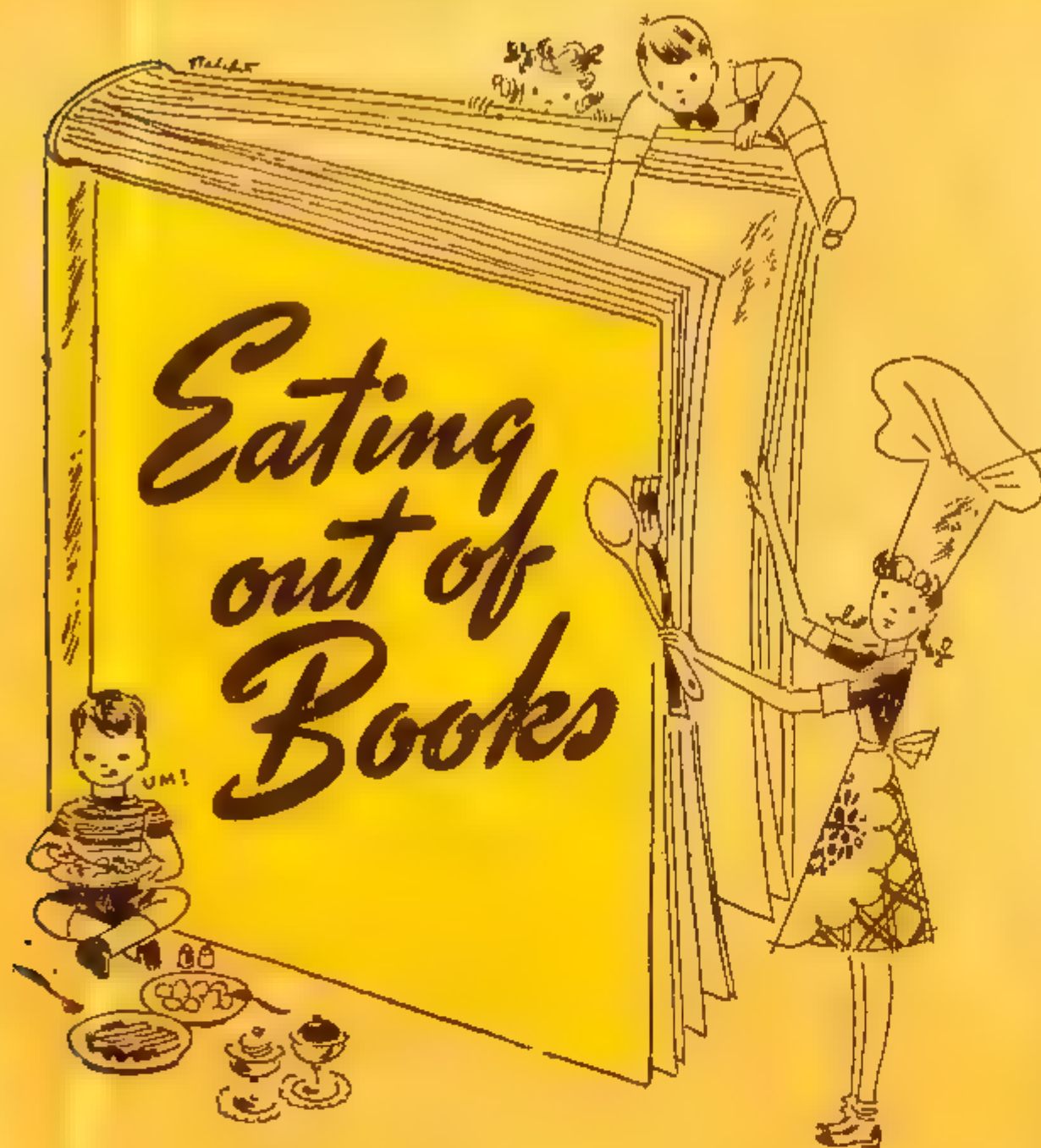
jobs in "Born to Sing." (MGM)

7 "Freckles Comes Home" and we're glad to see him, too, in the person of attractive Johnny Downs. Gale Storm is his best girl. Unknowingly, Freckles gets mixed up with gunmen (ho-hum)—but then there has to be a plot! (Mono.)

8 Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea have a lifetime of shared adventure in "The Great Man's Lady." Barbara grows old beautifully as she helps her husband achieve fame. (Para.)

Your Mood





You'll love recipes from books you treasure. Begin your eating hunt now!

By CECILY BROWNSTONE

Food Editor

YOU CAN EAT your book and have it too! That is, if you'll use your favorite reading matter for a new kind of treasure hunt—to track down recipes in stories. Ever remember seeing any? Once you get the idea, you probably will. For after you start noticing what people in books eat it's like playing a game you can't stop. And you'll be surprised at how many times you find perfect recipes for scrumptious dishes given right in between conversations and descriptions.

Exact quantities, explicit directions, helpful hints—all you have to do is to cook the dish and savor. You'll treasure these storybook recipes, for there's nothing too good for a heroine about your own age to eat—at least between pages!

Emily, for instance, the interesting Boston-bred girl who's suddenly transplanted to an exciting 200,000-acre Hawaiian ranch in Armine Von Tempski's "Pam's Paradise Ranch" (Dodd, Mead), learned to do wonderful things in the kitchen from a fun-

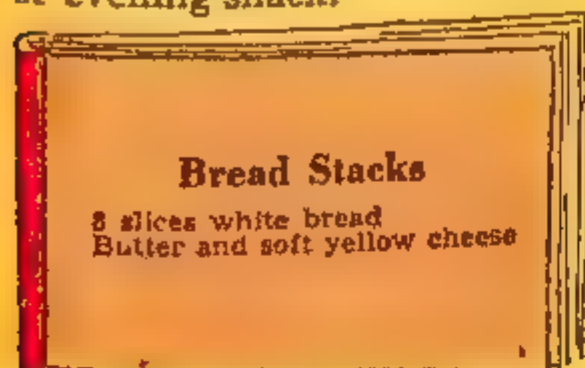
ny old Chinese cook, Ah Sam. Ah Sam taught Emily a new dish every day for a while, everything from a mysterious concoction called Sampan Tea to an exotic Chicken Avocado! If you want to achieve a reputation by cooking Island-style Rice, and that means rice whose each kernel is dry and delicious and free of its mates, you'll find the perfect formula in the chapter called "Kitchen Magic." But best of all there's a wonderful gooey dish of Ah Sam's to serve along with steak and green beans. Here it is for you to try and to treasure:

Bananas Island Way

"Greasing a large, heavy frying pan generously with butter, Ah Sam sliced bananas lengthwise until it was almost full. When the fruit was fried a light brown, a matter of only a few minutes, he sprinkled on a generous layer of shredded coconut and topped it with marshmallows. Covering the delicious-smelling concoction he let it stand for a couple of minutes, until the marshmallows melted, then put generous portions on the plates going in to the dinner table, with sizzling steaks and neat heaps of green beans piled beside them."

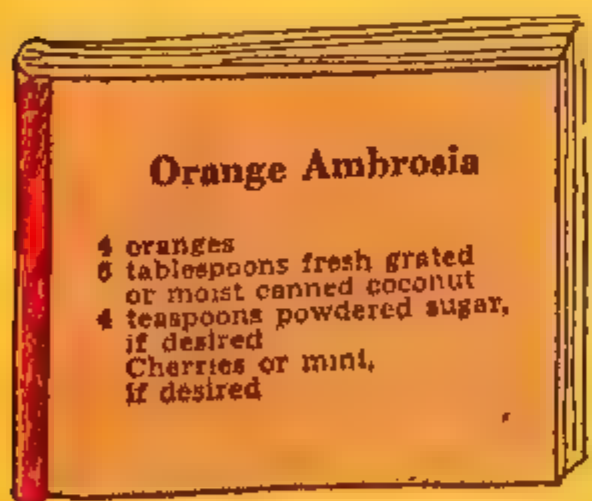
You'd probably suspect that in the two "career" books that tell all about the fascinating things you can do nowadays if you study home economics there'd be a lot of luscious food suggestions scattered about. You're right; that's just what there is in "Sally and Her Kitchens" and in the sequel, "Sally and her Home Making," both by May Worthington (Dodd, Mead). In the first book one of Sally's adventures is teaching in an Hawaiian school and she and her chum invite two boys for dinner during a week end at the beach. Steak and mashed potatoes and whole-kernel corn make up the menu they decide on as being

good he-man food. Then for an extra fillip they make Bread Stacks. You can do the same when you're having your gang over. They're nothing to make and a lot to eat! Just try serving them with a steaming cup of chocolate for an after-school or evening snack.



Butter bread slices and spread with soft cheese. Make two stacks of them with four slices in each. Cut each stack in four—so that you have eight four-layer blocks. Place in pan in hot oven until the butter and cheese have melted and the edges are a golden brown.

Then if you ever want to serve one of the simplest and best-tasting desserts in the world, try this Orange Ambrosia that finished off Sally's Hawaiian beach meal.



Peel oranges, cutting all the white membrane away with the peel. Slice in thick rounds, then cut in cubes. Mix with coconut and with four teaspoons of powdered sugar if you like your fruit sweet. Chill in refrigerator and pile into sherbet glasses. Garnish with a cherry and a sprig of mint if they're handy.

Sally gets married at the end of the second book and if the way to a man's heart is through his stomach you can be sure there won't be any divorces in any of the Sally books that may

be forthcoming! "Pages from Sally's Notebook" is a last chapter that gives ten of the luscious dishes she feeds her husband. Try Sally's recipe for that old southern dish, Spoon Bread, some Sunday morning when you've volunteered to cook breakfast. And remember that "lots of butter is called for, orange marmalade, winter weather, and a good appetite!"



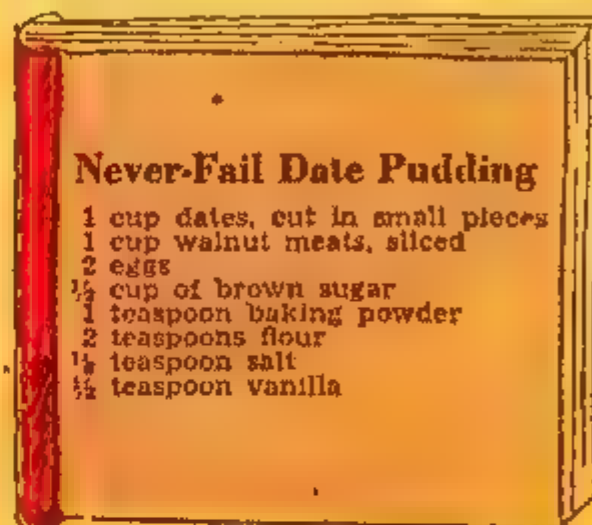
Add corn meal, salt, and baking powder to the boiling water. Stir well until smooth and thick. Add butter, milk, and well-beaten egg yolk. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Bake 50 minutes at 350° in a well-greased casserole. Serve directly from baking dish.



Because Saint Patrick's Day, on March 17th, deserves something special here's a wonderful idea stolen from the second Sally book. Shine sturdy green apples and remove the cores in a wide enough circle so you can put a slender green candle in each one. Then arrange the apples in threes, clover-leaf fashion, at each end of a flat plate or tray. Decorate the tray with any kind of green leaves, and see what a clever and attractive effect the table achieves by this "wearin' of the green"!

There's another book whose contents, as well as its generous section of menus and

recipes, you'll enjoy. It's called "The Young Hostess," by Beatrice Pierce (Farrar & Rinehart) and it will give you the lowdown on entertaining. All the things you want to know in order to have good times are discussed, including how to set the table and run a school party so it's a howling success. If you have any entertainment problems this is the book for you, and even if you haven't you'll get a lot of swell tips from it. Here's one of its never-fail recipes.



Break the eggs into a mixing bowl. Beat them slightly. Add the sugar, baking powder, flour, nuts, and dates. Stir well together. Butter a shallow cake pan (about 11 x 7 inches). Bake twenty minutes at 400° F. Cut in squares and serve with whipped cream. *It is impossible to have a failure with this dessert.*

If you enjoy having a book of short stories around to pick up and read when you're in the mood, "Picnic Adventures" (Farrar & Rinehart), edited by Elizabeth Gilman, is your meat. But be sure to read these stories after you've eaten a good meal; otherwise the mouth-watering descriptions of the fried chicken and savory sandwich spreads and cool drinks will be too much for you!

If music is your forte you'll get a thrill out of "Song of the North" (Julian Messner)—the story of Edvard Grieg, by Claire Lee Purdy, with its descriptions of Norwegian meals and food customs.

Good luck, good hunting, good cooking, and good eating!

HISTORY gets in your HAIR

YOU ARE NOT THE ONLY ONE CONCERNED ABOUT HAIR-DOS! THAT INTEREST IS AS OLD AS THE HILLS (IT GOES BACK TO EVEN BEFORE THE DAYS WHEN EGYPTIAN LADIES SHAVED THEIR HEADS SO THEY COULD WEAR FANCY WIGS) AND AS UNIVERSAL



AS THE WEATHER. THE WILDEST SAVAGES LIKE TO GLORIFY THEIR HEADS—AND SO DO THE MOST PAMPERED DARLINGS. TAKE A LOOK AT THESE HAIR STYLES IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW GIRLS OF OTHER DAYS ACHIEVED GLAMOUR.



THE GREEKS HAD A SIMPLE WAY WITH HAIR—WAY BACK. LATER, THEY DEVELOPED FROU-FROU COIFFURES. BANDEAUX HELD HAIR IN PLACE.



ROMAN LADIES, TALLER THAN THEIR GRECIAN SISTERS WENT IN FOR ELABORATE HAIR-DOS. YOU CAN SEE SOME SIMILARITY IN STYLES.



HERE ARE THE MEDIEVAL PIGTAILS. SOMETIMES THE ENDS WERE CONCEALED IN JEWELLED CASES, SOMETIMES LOOPED AT SIDES OF THE HEAD.



ITALIAN LADIES OF THE RENAISSANCE WORE THEIR HAIR LOOSE AND LONG, OR WORE SMALL CAPS, THEIR TRESSES BEDECKED WITH RIBBONS OR JEWELS.



GIRLISH STYLES DATE FROM THE LATE 1600'S. THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS DATED 1669—THE OTHER 1689.



ABOUT THE SAME TIME, SOME WOMEN PREFERRED LOTS OF CURLS, OTHERS WENT IN FOR FRIZZING AND CAPS



IN THE 18TH CENTURY HAIR-DOS WERE FANCY AND ORNATE. ON THE LEFT IS M^{ME}. POMPADOUR'S INNOVATION, AT THE RIGHT, A MODEL SHIP RIDES HAIR WAVES.



BY 1815 A BIT SIMPLER AND MORE CLASSIC STYLES WERE THE VOGUE. CURLS WERE HELD IN PLACE ATOP THE HEAD BY JEWELLED PINS.



A FEW YEARS LATER, ELABORATE HAIR-DOS RETURNED, BUT UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF QUEEN VICTORIA BECAME LESS AFFECTED AGAIN.



FASHIONABLE BELLES OF THE 1840'S PRESENTED A SMOOTH FRONT HAIR-DO, BUT LOOK AT THAT ELABORATE KNOT!



WHEN THEY WENT IN FOR FANCY CRINOLINES AROUND 1850 THEY BALANCED ELABORATE DRESS WITH SIMPLER HAIR-DO'S.



BY 1860 HAIR FASHIONS WERE REALLY SIMPLE, THE HAIR WAS PARTED IN THE CENTER OR FASTENED IN A CHIGNON IN BACK AND CAUGHT IN A NET.



BY 1870 MILADY'S COIFFURE WAS EITHER ELEGANT OR EXTREMELY SIMPLE SUCH AS THE YOUTHFUL "MARGUERITE" COIFFURE SEEN ON THE RIGHT



ALONG WITH DRASTIC CHANGES IN DRESS IN 1880, THE HAIR WAS WORN HIGH ON THE HEAD WITH A FRINGE.



LADIES OF THE GAY 90'S DELVED INTO HISTORY FOR THEIR COIFFURES, SUCH AS THE MODIFIED POMPADOUR, ON THE LEFT, AND GRECIAN TO THE RIGHT.



POMPADOURS GOT EVEN "MORE SO" AT THE CLOSE OF THE 19TH CENTURY, REQUIRING "RATS," SWITCHES AND PUFFS TO MAKE THEM STAY PUT, OR A "BUN" AT THE NECK.



FROM 1905 TO 1910 HAIR WAS PUFFED AND FRIZZED, WORN HIGH ON THE HEAD.



WORLD WAR I BROUGHT WITH IT HAIR STYLES FAR FROM FANCY POMPADOURS, LIKE THE SHINGLE BOB OR THE SIMPLE NUMBER ON THE RIGHT.



THE FORMALLY MARCELLED SHINGLE VIED FOR POPULARITY- AROUND 1919- WITH A NEW VERSION OF OUR OLD FRIEND THE POMPADOUR.



DURING THE EARLY 1920S THERE WAS THAT BUN AGAIN. LATER, BOBS WERE BOYISH TO MATCH WHAT WAS CONSIDERED THE SMART FIGURE.



WE THINK TODAY'S HAIR-DO'S ATTRACTIVE, BUT SOME OF THESE OTHER GIRLS WOULD DOUBTLESS LAUGH AT THEM AS WE DO AT THEIR IDEAS OF BEAUTY.

Mayor Martin's Daughter

Connie and Peggy come upon strange doings of a fascinating man! They don't find the answer now—but you just wait!

By ADAM ALLEN
Author of "Printer's Devil"

STUB STEVENS and Cap Riley walked into the Sweet Shop opposite Central City High, tossed light insults at half a dozen fellow students, said "lemon cokes" to the man behind the counter, and then crossed the room to sit down at a booth already occupied by Connie Martin and Peggy Stone.

"Two sour dopes," said the counterman loudly to his assistant.

Connie shook her red head.

"I don't think he ought to be so frank, do you?" she said solemnly to Peggy. "I mean, even stupid people like Cap and Stub have feelings."

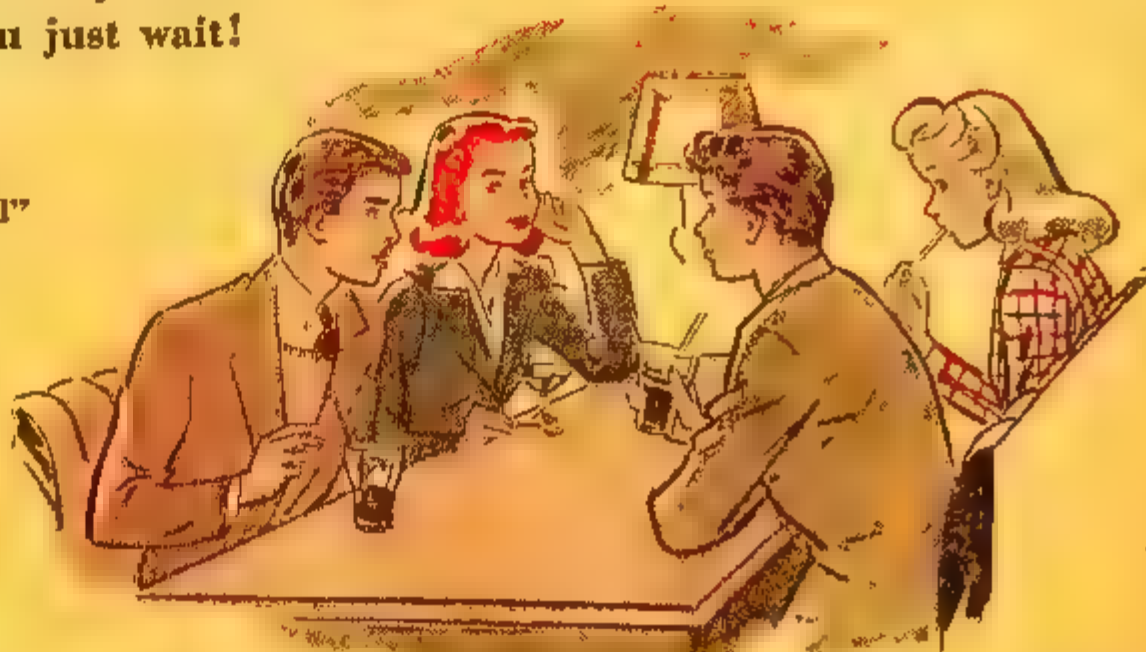
Stub looked shocked. Literal-minded Stub was always being shocked.

"He wasn't calling us names," he explained carefully. "See, we ordered a couple of lemon cokes when we came in and he was just telling Joe to make them up. He calls lemon cokes sour dopes. That's all it was."

The girls tried to nod solemnly at the explanation but it was too much and they burst out laughing instead. Cap grinned at their amusement but Stub only said: "I'm not kidding. That's what he meant." And when Joe that moment put down two lemon cokes Stub said triumphantly, "See?"

"Now I believe you." Connie's blue eyes were still twinkling.

But they sobered at the tone in Cap's voice when he said, after his first swallow: "Listen, you two. Fine ones you are to make cracks about people hav-



"Fine ones you are to make cracks about people having feelings," said Cap, "after your performance in class."

ing feelings, after your performance in class this morning."

"What are you talking about?" Peggy demanded indignantly.

"Yes, what?" Connie asked. Cap had really sounded serious, and the idea of Cap thinking badly of her wasn't very pleasant.

"That discussion we had about prisons," Cap explained. "So you think criminals are born bad and ought to be given hard labor to scare them into being good. That's what you think, is it?"

Connie thought back to the lively session they had had that morning. Had she said things she didn't mean?

But before she could gather her thoughts together Peggy had leaped in.

"Well, I thought you boys were just silly," she said firmly. "All that stuff about how everybody makes mistakes, and criminals are only poor unfortunate people who ought to be given pretty cells and movies every night and everything."

"We didn't say they ought to have movies every night," Stub,

corrected her very seriously.

They all grinned at that, but only for an instant. Then the argument went on.

"I'm surprised at you both," said Connie. "Criminals are just people who don't accept the—the responsibilities of citizenship."

"Wow!" That was Stub, of course.

"If you want to argue with fancy phrases how about this: criminals are victims of society." Cap took a hasty swallow and went on again before Connie could speak. "How do you know what sort of things you'd do if your father weren't Mayor of Central City; if you hadn't been brought up in a good home and given practically everything you wanted; and if . . ."

"I haven't been given everything I wanted. Don't you sit there, Cap Riley, and tell me I'm spoiled. And anyway," Connie's honesty prompted her to add, "even if I have been a little spoiled, what about you? You've been earning money ever since you were small—helping your mother out besides buying your own clothes

and things." Cap looked embarrassed but Connie went on. "Why didn't you just steal money once in a while instead of working so hard for it?"

"I'm not a good example," Cap began.

"No, you're not," Peggy declared. "And that's just what we mean. No decent person is a good example of a criminal. Because criminals aren't like ordinary people. I mean . . ."

"My gosh!" Cap sounded disgusted. "'Not like ordinary people!' What does that mean? What I was going to say was that even if we never had much money my mother brought me up to know the difference between wrong and right and—well, all that stuff. But how do I know what I'd be like if I'd had somebody terrible for a mother, or if . . ."

"There! That's it!" Connie sounded victorious. "If you had a terrible mother you'd probably be terrible, too. And no amount of movies could make a good man of you. I'm not saying you ought to be treated too badly because maybe you couldn't help yourself. But I don't think you could be taught to feel responsible. If prisons were terrible places, though, you might be good after you'd been in one once, just so you wouldn't have to go back."

Her eyes were flashing and her face was flushed. For one moment she wondered if she really believed all that. But with Cap sounding so high and mighty you just couldn't help arguing with him.

"Wait a second," Stub said suddenly. He jumped up from the table, canvassed several other booths, and finally returned proudly with a newspaper. "Here, look at this." He held forth a newspaper photograph of a middle-aged man, clear-eyed, smooth-shaven, lean intellectual face with a small pleasant smile at one corner of his mouth. Stub kept his finger

over the caption and when both girls had regarded the picture with a puzzled expression for a few seconds he withdrew the paper, folded it over to another page, and showed them a second photograph. It was also of a man, but the eyes in this face were small and set close together, the mouth was thin and tight-set, and the brow was furrowed in an angry scowl.

Cap was grinning. Peggy said: "So what? Is this a game?"

"Yeah. That's right, a game," Stub said. "One of those guys was released from prison yesterday after serving five years as part of a diamond-robbery ring. The other is a famous philan—philath—uh . . ."

"Philanthropist," Cap sug-

with as much dignity as she could manage. "Come on, Connie. You promised to go out to Aunt Agatha's with me. We won't get back before dark if we don't get started."

Connie said, "All right," and gathered up her books. The boys were leaning back regarding them with fiendish pleasure and she would have liked to remain and annihilate them with some withering arguments. But at the moment she couldn't think of a single one, and she supposed she might as well accept Peggy's offer of an excuse to leave. "We'll continue this fascinating discussion some other time."

They prepared to slip out from the bench. Stub was still laughing, and Cap stood up and said gallantly: "If you see any mean-looking men or women on the street I'd be glad to rescue you. They're probably not responsible citizens."

"Oh, you boys!" Peggy said feebly. And the best Connie could manage was, "Thank you. But I'll just hit them over the head with my books and they'll probably be scared into being good."

The girls were both still chafing at their defeat half an hour later when, having deposited

their books at their respective homes and picked up their bicycles, they were riding toward the edge of town on Peggy's errand.

When they had pedaled silently for some time Connie finally said, just to get that rather humiliating session out of her mind: "What is it you have to do out here, Peg?"

Peggy grinned, as if understanding Connie's intention and grateful for it.

"Nothing much, really. At least I hope not. It's just one of Aunt Agatha's little ideas—I mean, asking me to do it is, You know she's staying with Aunt Margaret for several months and she asked Mr. Ray-

The Ever-changing Moon

By JULIA W. WOLFE

Sometimes the moon's a slender boat
Of polished pearl, slow drifting;
Sometimes it is a rim of fire
Above the forest lying;
Sometimes it is a shining wheel,
All smooth and undivided;
Then half a pound of yellow cheese
With curds and whey beside it.
Tonight a silver ball, it rolls
Straight toward my window bars;
I want to catch and toss it back
Among the little stars.

gested, helpful as usual.

"That's right. So, which is /which? If criminals are so different from everybody else I suppose you could tell right away which one was the thief. Go ahead."

"Certainly. Anybody could. The second one," Peggy said quickly. "Anybody could see that. Anybody could tell that that first man was nice."

Connie, who would have said the same thing herself, read the answer on Stub's face even before he spoke.

"Wrong!" Stub chortled. "How do you feel now, smarties?"

"They probably got the captions mixed up," Peggy said

mond to rent her cottage for her if he could. So when he writes her that he has a tenant she suddenly decides maybe she didn't put all her own things away, and she told him to ask me to go out there and look around to make sure she hadn't left stuff in the tenant's way. It's just like her to—"Peggy gasped from the effort of such a long speech while they made their way up a slight grade—"to remember her stuff after she got the house rented."

"Who took it?"

Peggy let a shrug answer for her.

At the edge of town they turned off the street into a country lane and pedaled over its ruts for nearly two miles before the little white cottage that belonged to Aunt Agatha came into view.

There was a car parked in front of it.

"Oh-oh," Peggy said.

"Is that Mr. Raymond's—the real estate agent's?"

"No. He's got a small black coupe. It must be the tenant. Oh dear—and I was supposed to get here first."

They ran their bikes up onto the grass, got off and paused a moment to catch their breaths, and then Peggy said: "Well, come on. Might as well get it over with."

Even before Peggy could raise the knocker they heard a gay whistle inside and Peggy raised her eyebrows.

"Sounds like a man. I thought surely Aunt Agatha would rent to a woman."

The knocker fell, the whistling stopped. Connie thought she saw the edge of a curtain at one of the windows held back momentarily. And a second later the door opened.

Connie opened her mouth to say, "Why, hello!" and stopped herself just in time. She had for an instant been very sure this was someone she knew—someone she had seen before, at any rate. But she realized it wasn't.

He was a very distinguished-

looking man. That was her next thought about him. "Terribly *distingué*," was what Connie said to herself, and was proud of the way the French word leaped into her mind.

Peggy seemed to think so, too. At least she was finding the explanation for their presence somewhat difficult. But suddenly the man smiled, his merry brown eyes crinkled at the corners, his mouth quirked, and he raised his eyebrows.

"I see. You are the niece of the woman whose house I inhabit—as the French grammars would put it." Connie found herself smiling at him as if they were old friends. What a coincidence—that she should have used a French word to describe him and he answered Peggy out of a French grammar.

"That's right. And this is

around? I guess you know the way so I'll get to my unpacking—I just arrived a few minutes ago—and leave you to it. But I do hope Aunt Agatha hasn't sent you to remove the magnificent gold and purple vase from the mantelpiece in the bedroom. Even in my brief residence I've grown attached to that."

"Gosh!" Peggy whispered when they were safely out of hearing upstairs. "Isn't he nice? He must be somebody important—don't you think so?"

"Living in a cottage outside of Central City? It doesn't make sense. But I do have the feeling I've seen a picture of him somewhere, or something. Maybe you're right."

There really wasn't much to be done. Peggy emptied a few bureau drawers to leave more room for the tenant, picked up



"Funny he looked so familiar," thought Connie. "Maybe he's a movie actor."

Connie Martin."

"And I am James Smith. Now we are introduced. May I say I am charmed? And won't you come in?"

"I hope we won't need to bother you too much," Peggy said.

"Bother? It's a pleasure. It's upstairs you want to look

one of Aunt Agatha's innumerable knitting bags containing a half-finished garment (Aunt Agatha was always starting new ones), removed from a whatnot two china figurines for which Aunt Agatha nourished a particular affection, and stored all the stuff she had collected in a half-empty trunk in

the attic.

When they went downstairs again Peggy said: "If there's anything you need—I mean, I'm sure my mother could send over anything you want if..."

"I can't think of a single thing I want that I don't see here." Mr. Smith smiled down at them from his tweed height. "You can't imagine what a haven of refuge this place looks to me—quiet, peaceful—everything a man could want. And if you two will promise to drop

again."

Both girls hoped they didn't sound as flustered as they felt when they said good-bye. They were not quite accustomed to being treated as charming grownups and it was a heady experience.

"Gee, isn't he swell?" Peggy said softly as they climbed on their bikes.

Connie nodded, they turned to wave at him standing in the door, and pedaled off.

"Funny," Connie thought,

head, motioned Peggy into the living room, rushed toward the back of the house. Soon she returned, her face white.

"What do you think of that?" Dramatically she held out the page of the newspaper with the picture of the good-looking member of a diamond-robbery ring.

"Oh, Connie." Peggy's face went white too. "Is it him?"

"It certainly looks like him," Connie agreed miserably. "I thought he looked familiar. And James Smith is a pretty suspicious-sounding name."

"But a lot of people have it," Peggy said.

"It can't be. We're letting our imaginations run away with us."

They sat down side by side to read the caption and the story beneath it. Stanley Thorne, released that week from federal prison, had been the "contact" man for a gang of jewel thieves. It had been his job to "spot" the owners of expensive jewels. Thorne, who had turned state's evidence, would probably go into hiding to avoid members of the gang seeking revenge.

They were staring at each other when

Mrs. Hansen, Mayor Martin's housekeeper, opened the door.

"Connie, I hate to ask you—but will you mail this box?"

"Yes, of course." Any activity would be a relief. "Come with me, Peg."

They walked the few short blocks to the post office in silence, mailed the package, and were just leaving when a figure at the general delivery window caught their attention.

"I'd like to take a box in the name of John Smith—no, no, I mean James Smith."

They stood frozen to the floor. Aunt Agatha's tenant couldn't remember his own name!

(To be continued next month)

in and see me once in a while I'll be really satisfied."

"We'd love to," Connie said quickly. This man, she was sure, could tell wonderful stories of the wide world outside Central City. He looked as if he had seen everything—the jungles of Africa, the turrets of Bagdad, the canals of Venice.

"And I'm not a bad cook," he added. "Do you like your gingerbread hard or soft?"

"Soft," Connie said, grinning at him.

"Good. My soft is really a little better. I'll look for you back

watching her way among the ruts. "Funny he looked so familiar. Maybe he's a movie actor." She was about to suggest that possibility to Peggy when another thought struck her. A thought so horrifying that she tried to put it hastily out of her mind. But it wouldn't go.

When they pulled up in front of her house some time later she said, "Look, Peg—come in a minute, will you?"

"Sure." And Peggy looked with surprise at Connie's set face. "What's up?"

But Connie only shook her



They stood frozen to the floor. He couldn't seem to remember his own name!

AMERICA'S FIRST GIRL SCOUT

JULIETTE GORDON LOW, FOUNDER OF GIRL SCOUTING IN THE UNITED STATES

A TALENTED ARTIST, AN AMERICAN GIRL WHO BECAME MISTRESS OF AN ENGLISH MANOR HOUSE, A LITTLE GEORGIA REBEL WHO NEVER TIRED OF FIGHTING FOR WORLD PEACE THAT WAS JULIETTE ("DAISY") GORDON LOW



DAISY GORDON AND HER TWENTY COUSINS SPENT THEIR SUMMERS ON A BIG NORTH GEORGIA PLANTATION AFTER THE CIVIL WAR.

WE'RE GOING TO GIVE A PLAY AND YOU HAVE TO BE THE LEADING LADY.

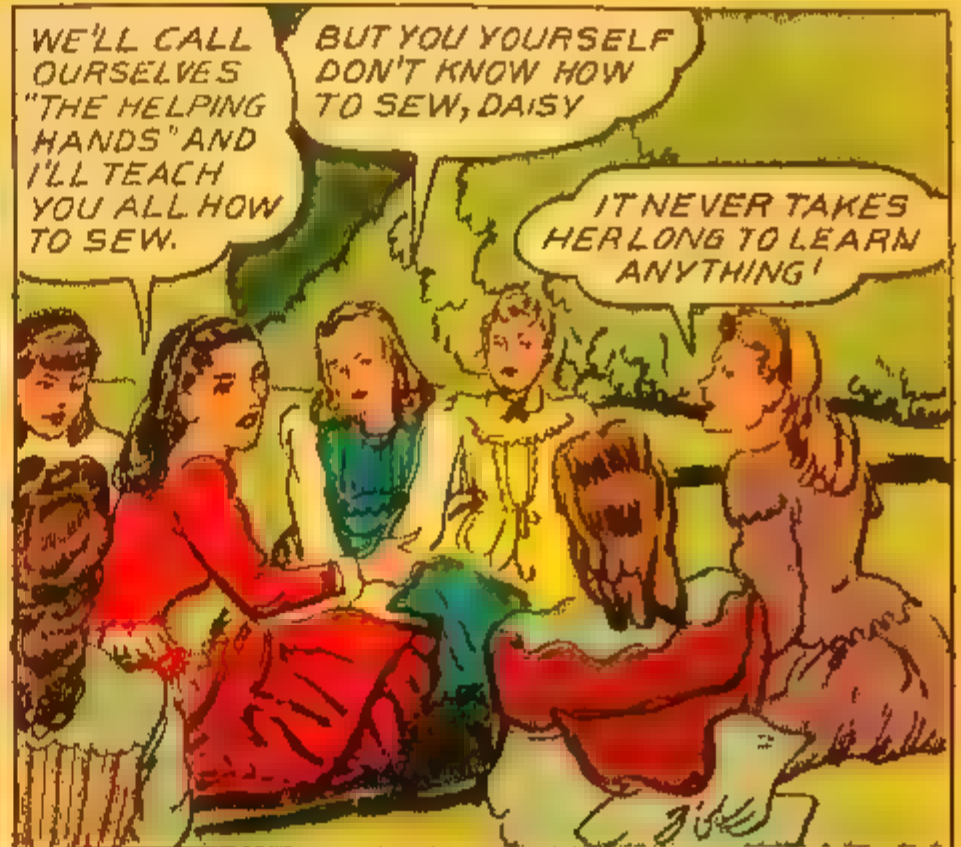
I'M TIRED OF PLAYS. LET'S HAVE A CLUB INSTEAD



WE'LL CALL OURSELVES "THE HELPING HANDS" AND I'LL TEACH YOU ALL HOW TO SEW.

BUT YOU YOURSELF DON'T KNOW HOW TO SEW, DAISY

IT NEVER TAKES HER LONG TO LEARN ANYTHING!



"THE HELPING HANDS" MADE CLOTHING FOR NEIGHBOR BOYS WHO GOT INTO FIGHTS.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT MY BOYS WOULD DO FOR CLOTHES IF NOT FOR YOUR CLUB.

IT'S WONDERFUL TO HELP THEM!



HEAVENS! WHAT DO THEY DO WITH THEM?

I GUESS WE'D BETTER CALL YOUR CLUB "THE HELPLESS HANDS." THE SHIRTS HAVE COME TO PIECES!



DAISY'S FAMILY SENT HER TO A SCHOOL IN NEW YORK RUN BY TWO PRIM FRENCH LADIES.

WHY CAN'T WE EVER WALK ON FIFTH AVENUE? YOUNG MEN

MADMOISELLE SAYS THERE ARE TOO MANY THERE!

BUT DAISY DID MEET A FRIEND ONE DAY...

I'M NOT ALLOWED TO WALK WITH YOU.

NONSENSE, I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO SCHOOL.

I'VE COME TO REPORT THAT I WALKED TO SCHOOL WITH A MAN.

I'M PROUD OF YOU FOR TELLING THE TRUTH, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BE PUNISHED JUST THE SAME.

MISS DAISY'S GOING TO MARRY WILLIAM LOW AND LIVE IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S COUNTRY, LIZA.

WELL, I DO HOPE THAT QUEEN ISN'T GOING TO PROVOKE MISS DAISY, 'CAUSE IF SHE DO, MISS DAISY WILL SURE GIVE HER A PIECE OF HER MIND!

GOOD LUCK AND HAPPINESS!

OUCH! A GRAIN OF RICE HAS GONE INTO MY EAR.

IS THE PAIN IN YOUR EAR ANY BETTER?

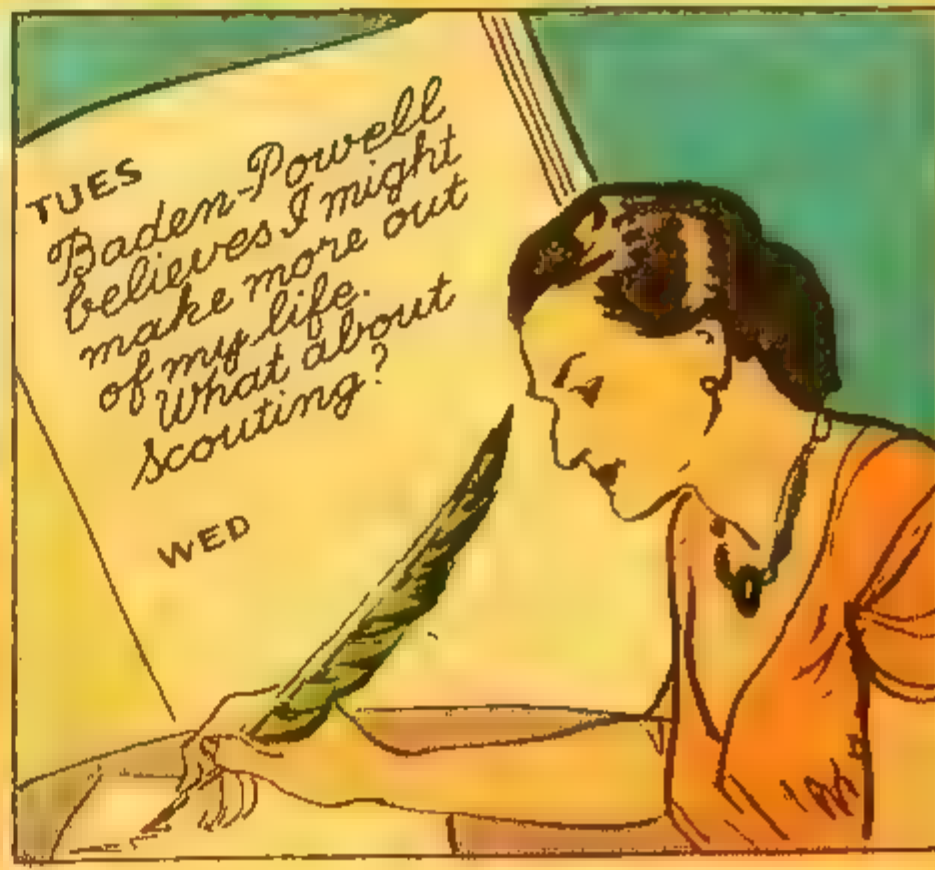
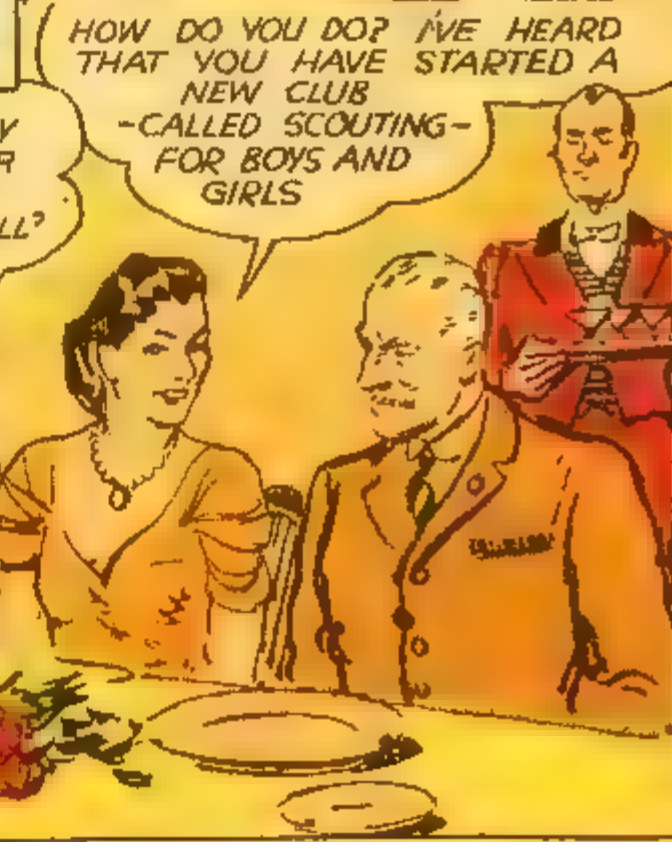
NOT MUCH IT SEEMS SILLY THAT A LITTLE GRAIN OF RICE COULD CAUSE SO MUCH TROUBLE, DOESN'T IT?

I'M AFRAID THE INFECTION IN YOUR EAR HAS MADE YOU PERMANENTLY DEAF, MRS LOW.

THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS I WANT TO DO! I'LL MANAGE THEM SOMEHOW!

I HOPE YOUR FRIENDS WILL LIKE ME.

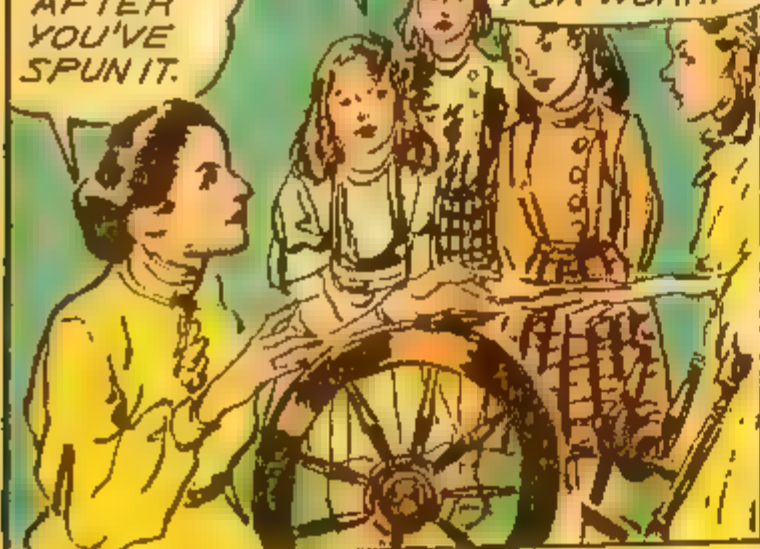
THEY'LL LOVE YOUR ENERGY AND HONESTY, DAISY.



GIRL SCOUTS WERE CALLED "GIRL GUIDES" IN BRITAIN. MRS. LOW STARTED A COMPANY OF GUIDES IN A LONELY SCOTCH VALLEY, GLEN LYON.

I'LL HELP YOU SELL THE YARN AFTER YOU'VE SPUN IT.

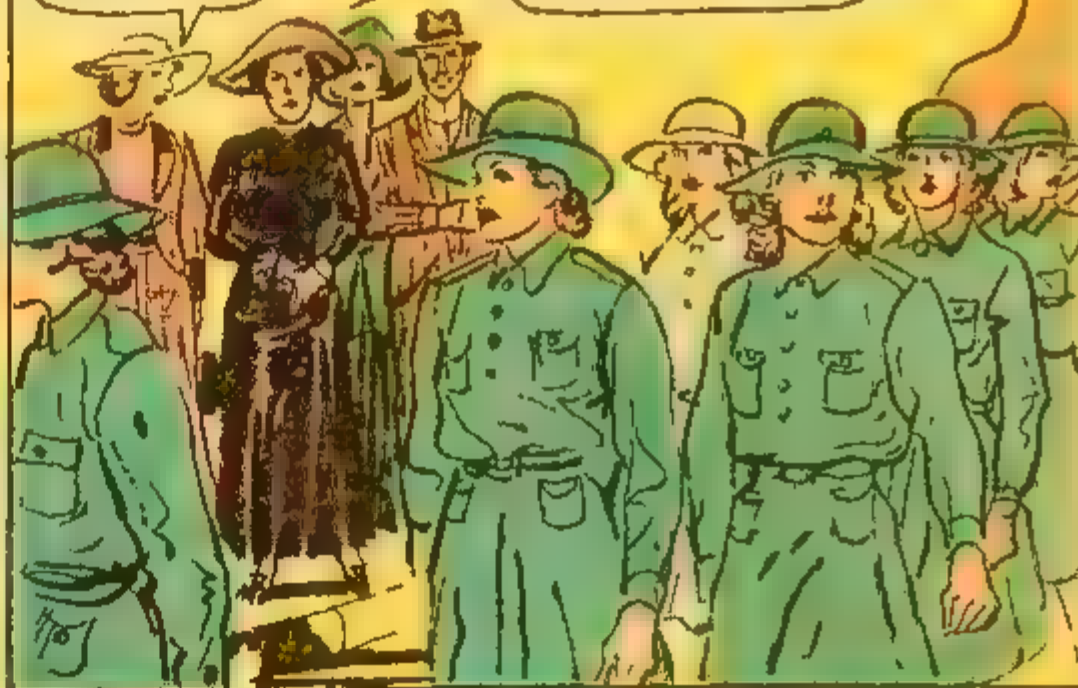
THEN WE CAN MAKE MONEY AT HOME AND WON'T HAVE TO GO TO THE CITY LOOKING FOR WORK.



IN LONDON, EMPIRE DAY, A YEAR LATER...

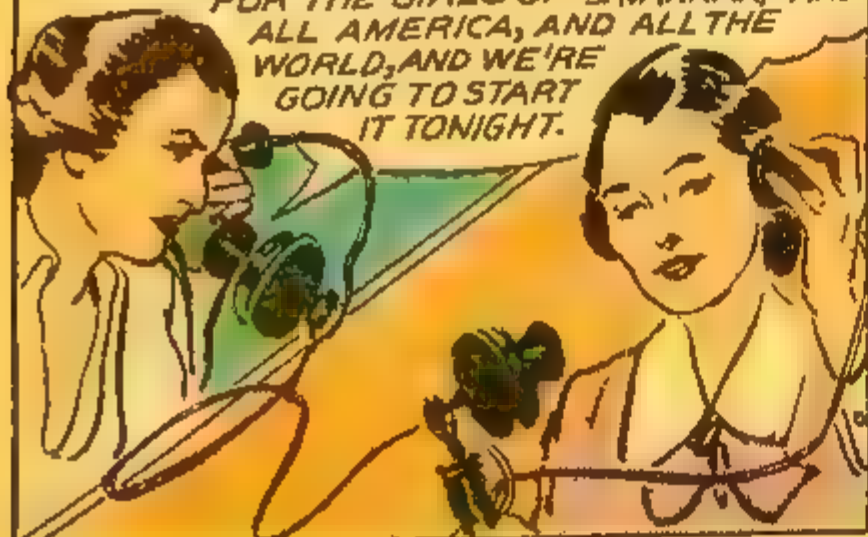
LOOK! AREN'T THEY SOME OF YOUR GIRLS?

AND NOW THEY'RE ALL LEADING COMPANIES OF THEIR OWN.



WHEN MRS. LOW CAME BACK TO THE UNITED STATES IN 1912, SHE WENT STRAIGHT TO SAVANNAH AND HER FRIEND, NINA PAPE.

COME RIGHT OVER. I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS OF SAVANNAH AND ALL AMERICA, AND ALL THE WORLD, AND WE'RE GOING TO START IT TONIGHT.



WE CAN MAKE OUR OWN UNIFORMS.

AND YOU CAN USE THE ENGLISH HANDBOOK. YOU CAN HAVE THE STABLE FOR MEETINGS AND PLAY GAMES IN MY VACANT LOT ACROSS THE STREET.



YOU'RE LEAVING TOWN. WHO'S GOING TO WRITE A NEW HANDBOOK?

I'LL WRITE IT. WE'LL CALL IT "HOW GIRLS CAN HELP THEIR COUNTRY."

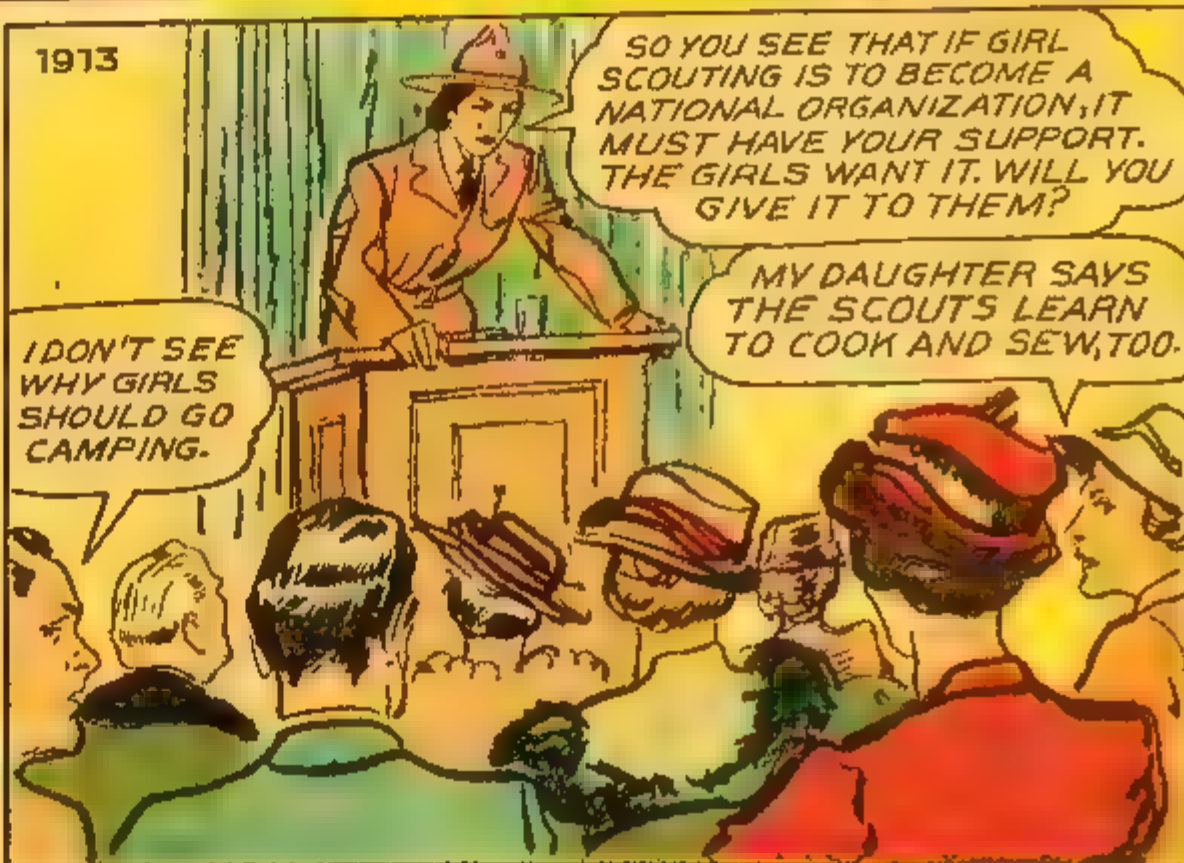


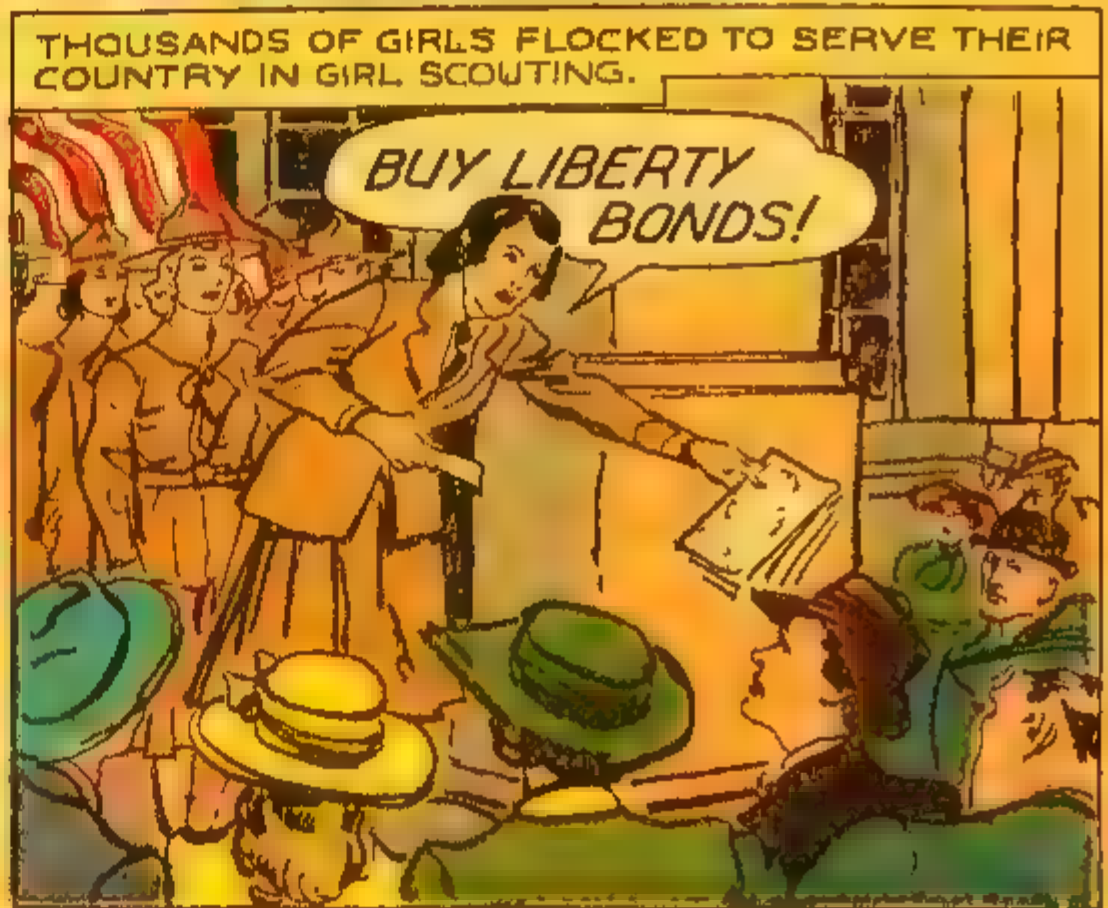
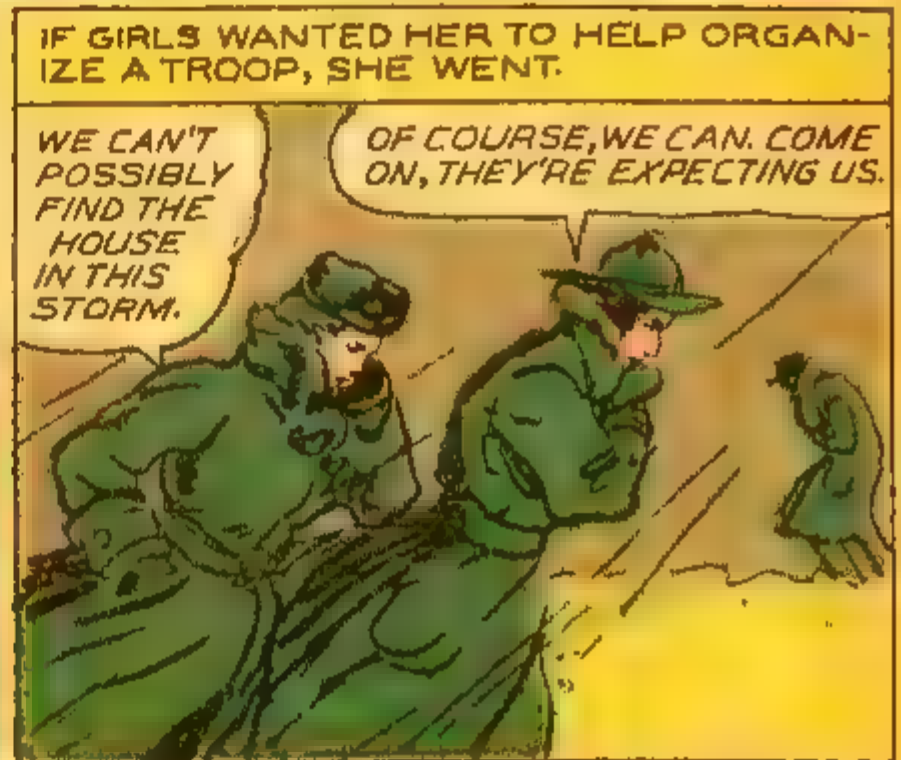
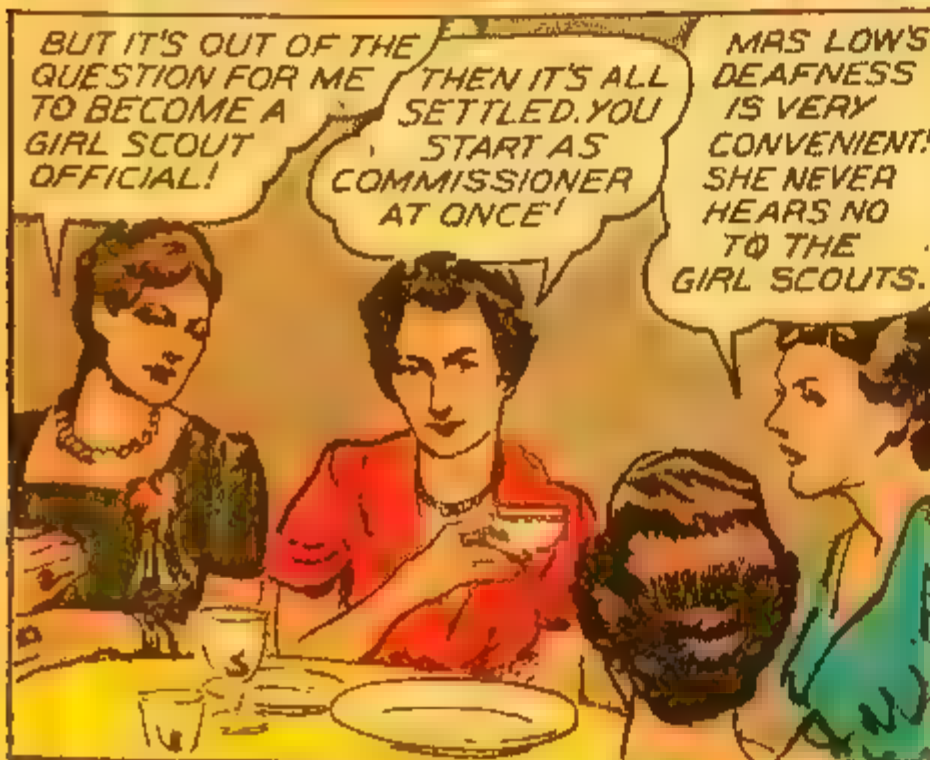
1913

I DON'T SEE WHY GIRLS SHOULD GO CAMPING.

SO YOU SEE THAT IF GIRL SCOUTING IS TO BECOME A NATIONAL ORGANIZATION, IT MUST HAVE YOUR SUPPORT. THE GIRLS WANT IT. WILL YOU GIVE IT TO THEM?

MY DAUGHTER SAYS THE SCOUTS LEARN TO COOK AND SEW, TOO.





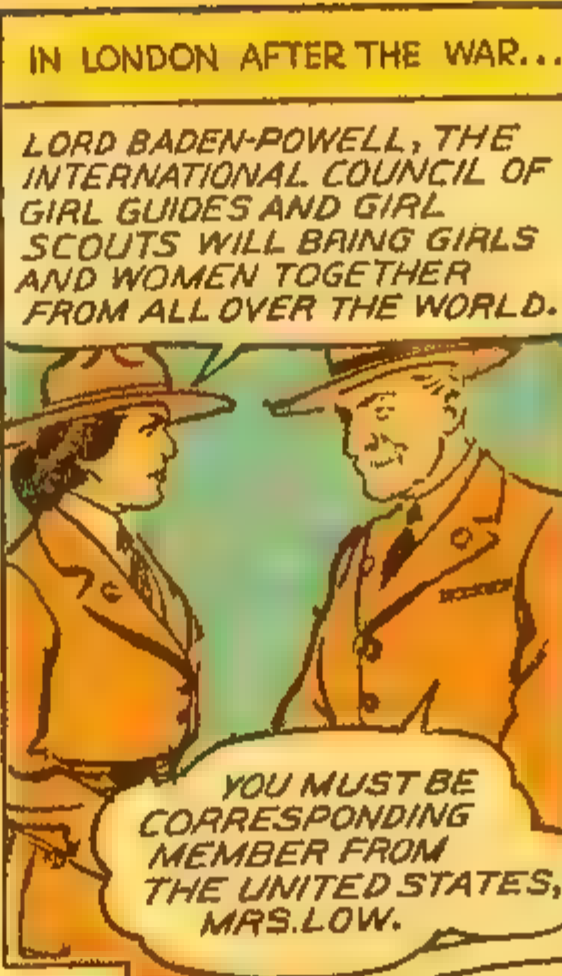


I'LL SEAL THE DEED
IF YOU CAN GET UP.

I CAN
BUT MY DOG
CAN'T.

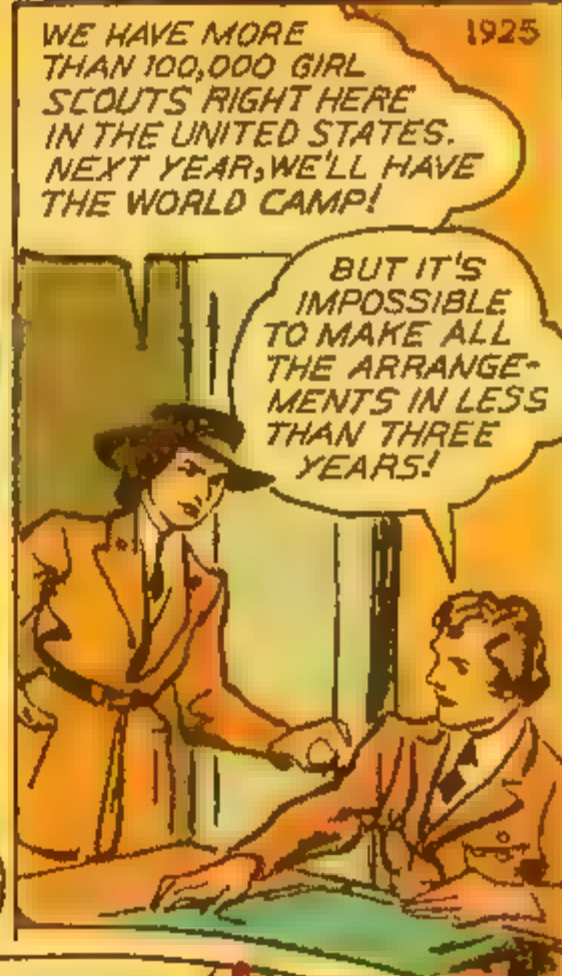
WE WERE WISE,
DAISY, TO CHOOSE
THIS SITE FOR
TRAINING
LEADERS!

SHE WAS GIVEN LAND FOR A
SOUTHERN CAMP FOR TRAINING
LEADERS AND GIRLS.



IN LONDON AFTER THE WAR...
LORD BADEN-POWELL, THE
INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF
GIRL GUIDES AND GIRL
SCOUTS WILL BRING GIRLS
AND WOMEN TOGETHER
FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

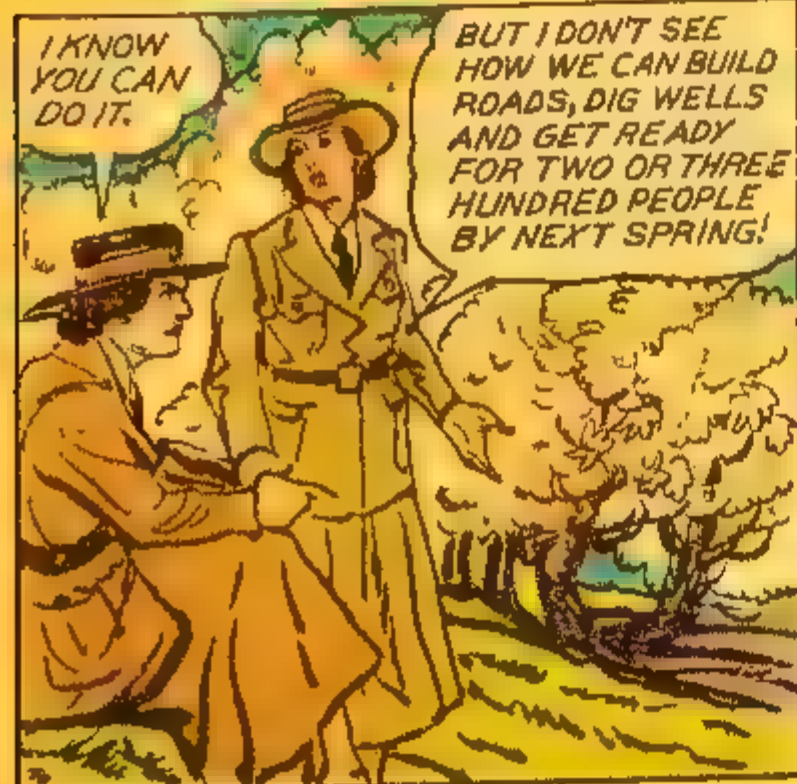
YOU MUST BE
CORRESPONDING
MEMBER FROM
THE UNITED STATES,
MRS. LOW.



1925

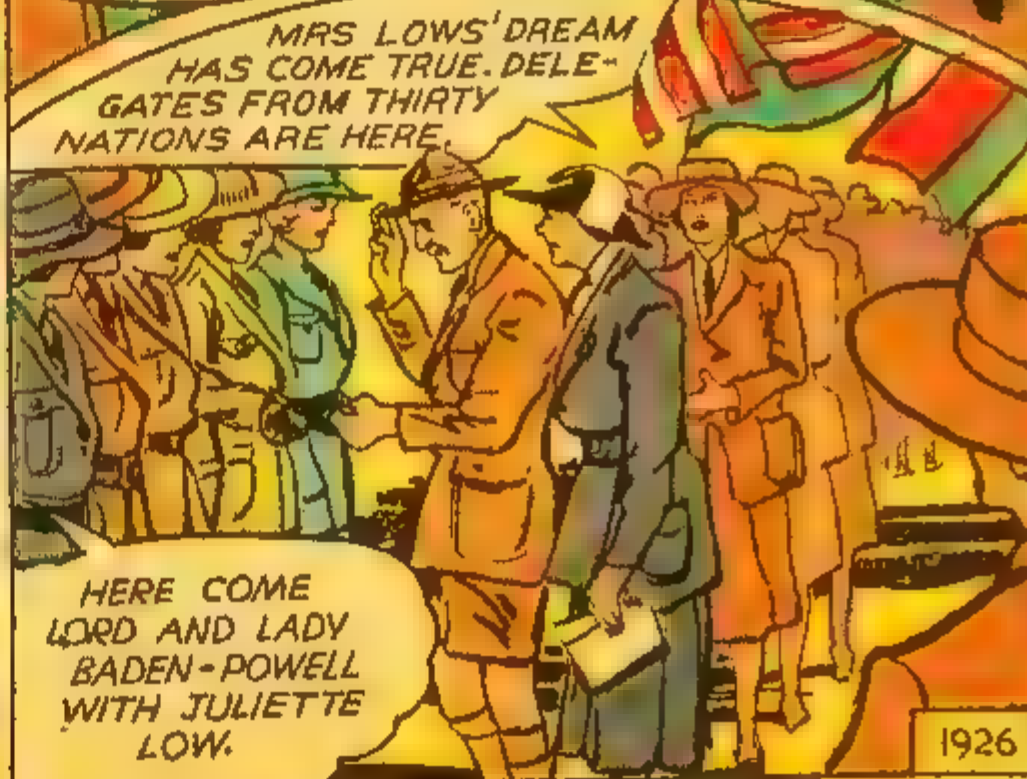
WE HAVE MORE
THAN 100,000 GIRL
SCOUTS RIGHT HERE
IN THE UNITED STATES.
NEXT YEAR, WE'LL HAVE
THE WORLD CAMP!

BUT IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE
TO MAKE ALL
THE ARRANGE-
MENTS IN LESS
THAN THREE
YEARS!



I KNOW
YOU CAN
DO IT.

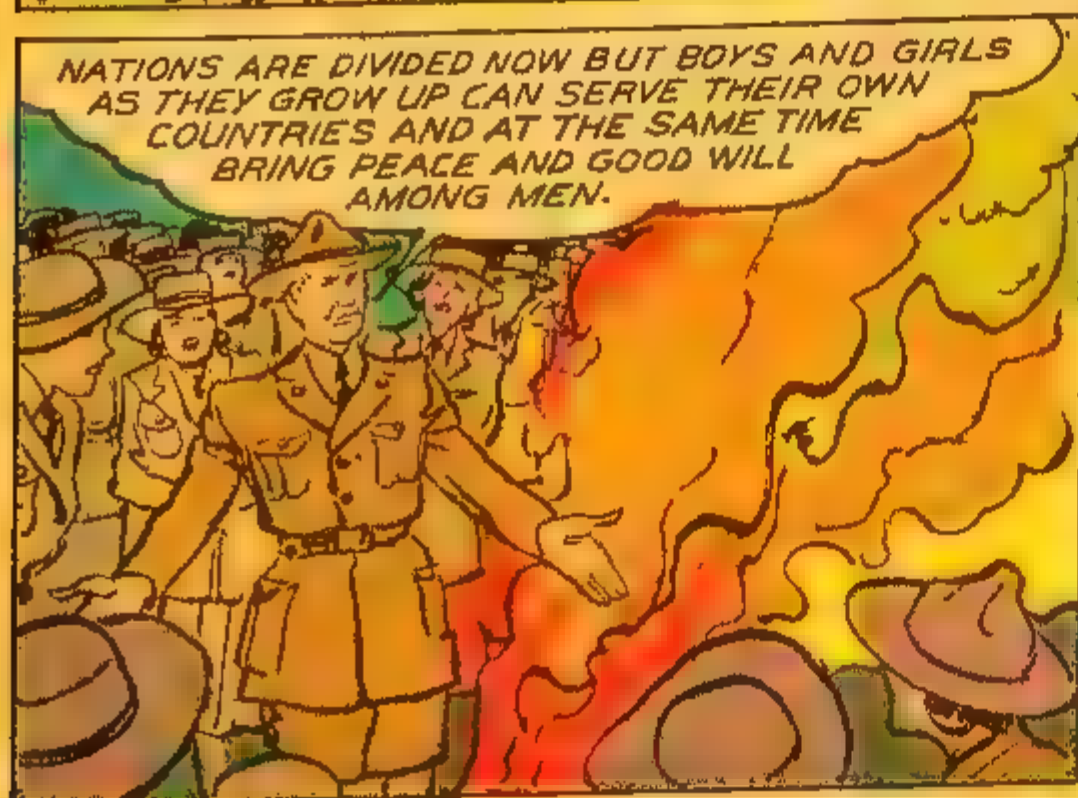
BUT I DON'T SEE
HOW WE CAN BUILD
ROADS, DIG WELLS
AND GET READY
FOR TWO OR THREE
HUNDRED PEOPLE
BY NEXT SPRING!



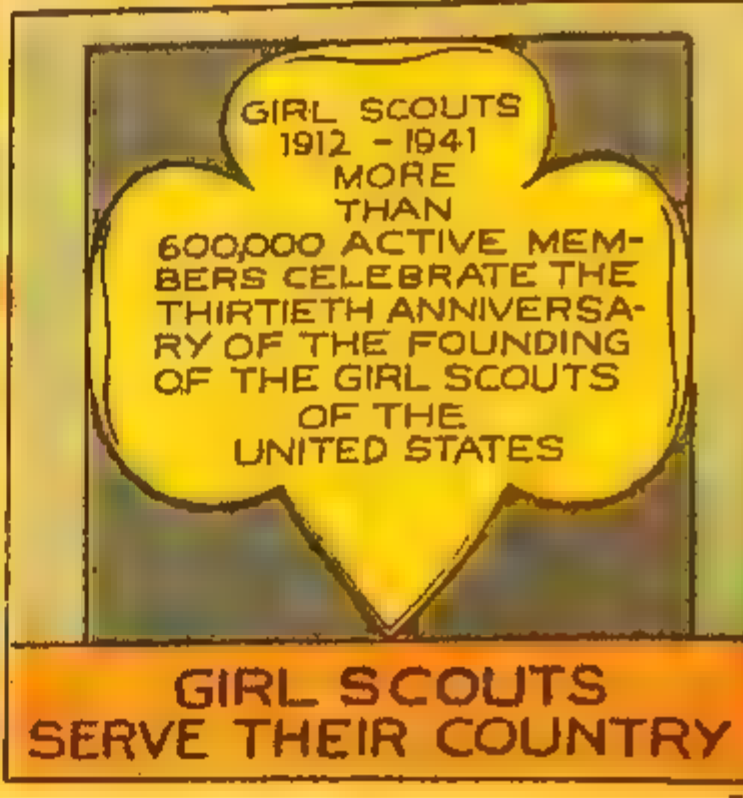
MRS LOWS' DREAM
HAS COME TRUE. DELE-
GATES FROM THIRTY
NATIONS ARE HERE.

HERE COME
LORD AND LADY
BADEN-POWELL
WITH JULIETTE
LOW.

1926



NATIONS ARE DIVIDED NOW BUT BOYS AND GIRLS
AS THEY GROW UP CAN SERVE THEIR OWN
COUNTRIES AND AT THE SAME TIME
BRING PEACE AND GOOD WILL
AMONG MEN.



GIRL SCOUTS
1912 - 1941
MORE
THAN

600,000 ACTIVE MEM-
BERS CELEBRATE THE
THIRTIETH ANNIVERSA-
RY OF THE FOUNDING
OF THE GIRL SCOUTS
OF THE
UNITED STATES

GIRL SCOUTS
SERVE THEIR COUNTRY

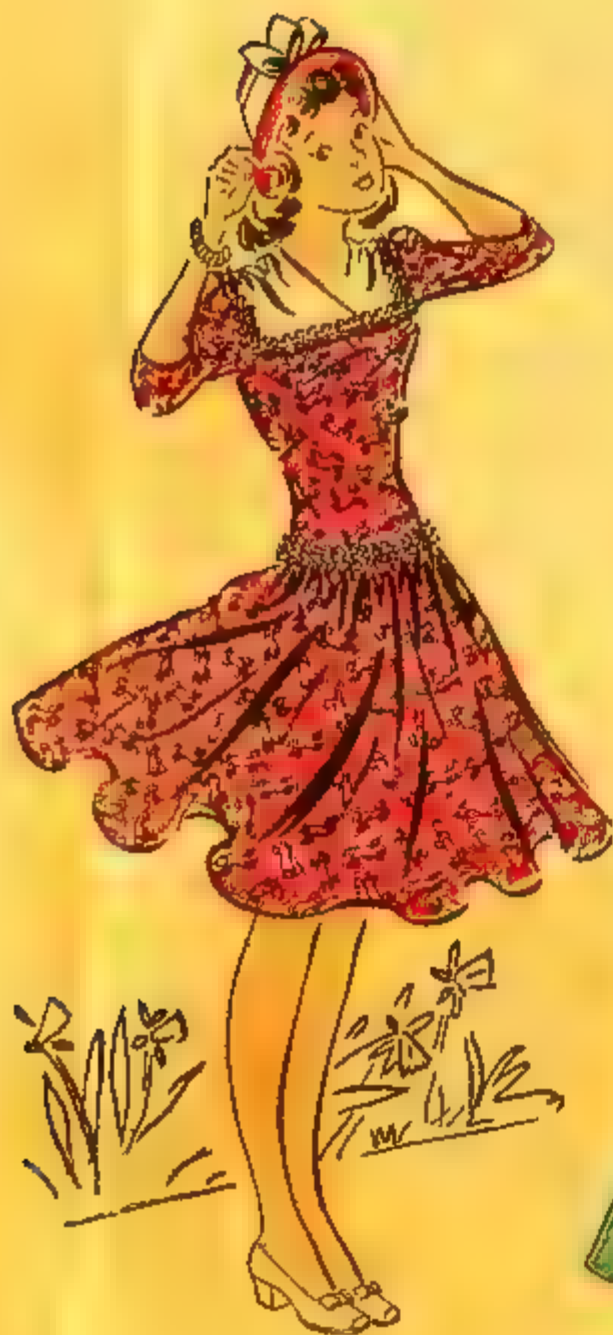
Vote THE TWO-WAY EASTER

☒ Dressy Date Fashions

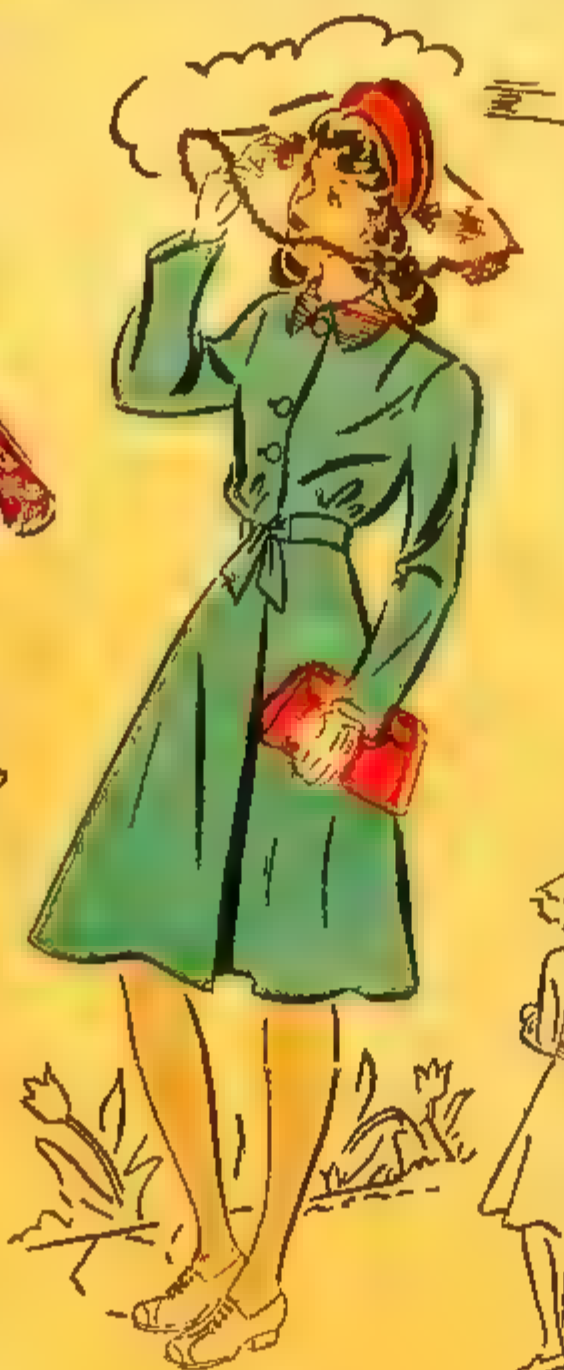
By BETTY GREEN

Fashion Editor

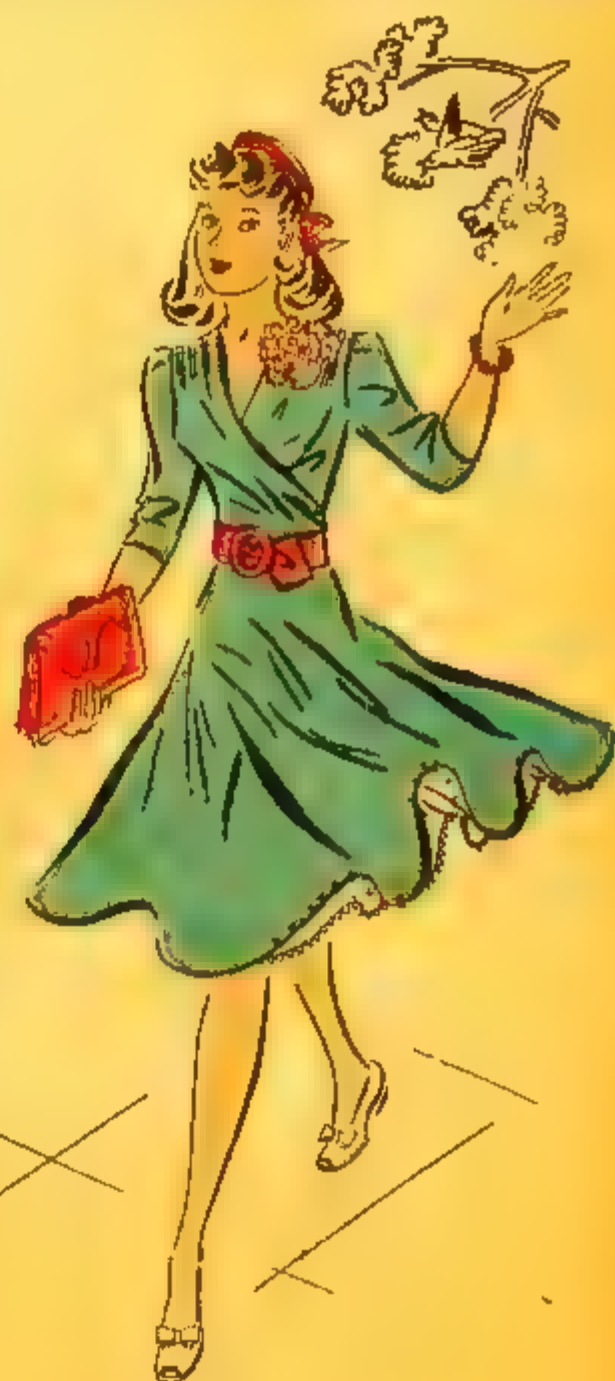
"Mother, what shall I do? Ted asked me to the Spring Tea Dance and I have nothing to wear!" Pretty sad for Ted's girl—but she should have known that a high-schooler's life isn't all roller skating and bowling. She should have planned her spring wardrobe to include at least one good dress-up outfit, along with the casual sports clothes for everyday. Here's how she could have built a well-rounded Easter wardrobe of smart teen fashions on a budget.



PRETTY PRINT—The perfect pastel print to wear under her navy coat. Rayon crepe with contrasting yoke, torso ruching, bracelet sleeves, swirling skirt. A Junioresque fashion, about \$6. Her hat—Debway's cloche, about \$4.



EASTER PARADE Navy twill coat with set-in back belt, tie front, and striped collar. A New York Girl Fashion, about \$11. Chesterfield feather-trimmed veiled red straw beret, about \$4, and Pyramid-red simulated-leather bag.



SWISH Maybe you prefer a navy dress under your navy coat. Here's a honey of a sheer crepe with taffeta ballerina petticoat, edged in red rickrack. A Tailored Girl fashion, about \$8. Red felt pillbox hat by Betmar, about \$3.

Featured fashions identified by CALLING ALL GIRLS hangtags. For name of store featuring them in your city write to Fashion Editor CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

FASHION TICKET

Casual Sports Fashions



PLAID BOXER—To wear over skirts and sweaters, over suits, over summer cottons—a pastel plaid box topcoat. About \$11. Now that high-schoolers are hat conscious again, you will want this Salfair felt beret, about \$3.

PRETTY BOY—Boyish suit in girlish pastels—an Easter fashion paradox. Wear it with Plaid Boxer as a three-piecer. New York Girl Fashions, about \$14. Pastel felt beanie and bag by Pyramid. Joan Keniey teen size pastel shirt.

Make Headway with your crochet needles



1. Beaded hat, earring, and necklace set to glamorize your simplest frocks and bring forth admiration. Clark's O.N.T. Cotton Rug Yarn.



2. A bow snood to top date frocks, dress-up hair-dos. Match the velvet bow to your dress. J. & P. Coats Knit—Cro-Sheen.



3. Shipshape nautical beret of Clark's O.N.T. Cotton Rug Yarn
4. (Below) Tassel Beanie of Chadwick's Red Hart Sweater Wool.



For free crochet instructions, write to Fashion Editor, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

ETIQUIZ

What's wrong with these pictures? Study them if you want to know how *not* to behave!

By ELEANOR BOYKIN

Author of "This Way, Please:
A Book of Manners"

YOU have seen puzzle pictures in which you look for a bird or a boy or a flower hidden in the detail. Here is a different kind. In these pictures you are to look for errors in manners. Test your knowledge of etiquette by studying each picture and deciding what is wrong before you read the caption beneath it. It will give you the answer and the explanation.

Why not make this quiz game more exciting by grading yourself? The rating in points of

each picture is given in parentheses below it, following the text. Cover up the explanation while you look at it and make up your mind what violation of manners it portrays. Then read the caption, and if you were right, give yourself credit for the points indicated. If you detected the mistake but could not think of what should have been done instead, allow yourself only half credit. Play fair. When you have gone over the six pictures, add up your total score—60 is the passing mark.



Soup-eating Sue is doing three wrong things at once. First, she has made a bib out of her napkin. Baby stuff! The

place for her napkin is across her knees. Don't unfold a large napkin entirely. Leave a double or triple fold to protect your dress; and in using it, lift a corner to your mouth. Second, instead of bending her face down to meet the soup spoon, Sue should keep her head up like a thoroughbred and let the soup come to her. Too much eagerness to get at food suggests greediness. Finally, she holds her spoon awkwardly out in front of her and looks as if she were about to slide it down her throat in imitation of a sword swallower. She would present a more graceful picture if she drank from the side of her spoon. (30 points)



Wrong to refuse a dish when you are a guest? Not necessarily, but never say: "I don't

eat that, it gives me heartburn." It is certainly taboo to refuse a dish ungraciously and to go into details about your stomach's quirks. Just say, "No, thank you." At a simple meal, you will do better to put some of the unwanted food on your plate so your hostess won't worry about your not having enough. You can forget to eat it; no one will watch every mouthful you take. You can spare the hostess' feelings by not announcing that you don't eat one of her dishes. But when there are many things to eat, she will know that, though you skip one, you will not go hungry. Here, as in other rules of good manners, the idea is consideration of others—in this case your hostess. It is always wise, anyway, not to mention physical idiosyncrasies, as they're never as interesting to others as to yourself. (15 points)



These girls may be saying things like "Does my dress look all right?" And their smiles may come from self-consciousness over being "dressed up." But that isn't the way it looks, and it isn't what the rather shy boys think. They feel so uncomfortable they have turned around so that they can't see the girls, and are inclined to leave the party. You can't be too careful about making gestures that might suggest to others that you are discussing or ridiculing them. To do this is not kind, and it works against your own popularity besides, for no one cares to spend much time with those who make them feel uncomfortable or awkward or self-conscious. A good thing to remember is how you would feel if you were in the other's place. (15 points)



Poor-sport Polly can't keep her temper when she loses. Sometimes she just sulks, sometimes she flings down her cards or racket in anger. She has been known to refuse to go on with a game, which is inexcusable in the world of sport. There's always an excuse if she plays poorly—her partner, sun in her eyes, noise at the wrong moment, or something. Games are a test of manners. To pass this test, you must be able to take victory without crowing and defeat without grouching; you must be as fair as Justice herself, and as good-humored as Santa Claus. (10 points)



"Something is always happening when I'm in church or at a lecture that strikes me as

comical; and I try not to laugh, but I just can't help it." If you are one of the girls who have said that, you need to learn to smile inside and to save up your laugh until an appropriate time for laughter. You will probably find, if you try to tell it later, that the thing wasn't really funny; your giggling was just a kind of self-consciousness and fidgetiness. The reason why giggling, whispering, and paper-rattling during a sermon, lecture, or concert make you seem so ill-bred is that they show a lack of respect for what is going on and distract those who may want to hear the talks or the music. This goes for plays and movies, too. Somehow the rest of the audience would rather hear what is said on stage or screen than what you say! (15 points)



It's easy to see, when you have the whole picture before you, that Carmen should have slipped around behind the chair of her mother's visitor when she found it necessary to get her science book from the living-room table. It is rude to walk between two who are talking, because you disturb their conversation and cut off the view of each other. It is not polite to stalk directly in front of even one person, if you can avoid it. When this is necessary, as it sometimes is, say quietly, "Excuse me." When you bump against someone or cause a person any inconvenience, "I'm sorry" is the proper apology. (15 points)

Gadgets for Girls

FASHION FADS GIRLS CREATE

\$1 will be paid for each Gadget for Girls published

NOW is your chance to share your bright ideas about fashions with other girls all over the country. Send as many Gadgets for Girls as you like, with or without rough drawings. Neatness, art work, and literary style do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Be sure to state your name, address, and age. Address Gadgets for Girls, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS.

For the Straw Vote—Cut in half colored drinking straws, and then fold in half again, tie with a bow, and you have a very gay jigger for your hair.—*Jeryl Anderson, Miami, Fla.*

Marching Orders—Socks embroidered with "Stop" on one ankle and "Go" on the other.—*Peggy Pope, Carbondale, Pa.*



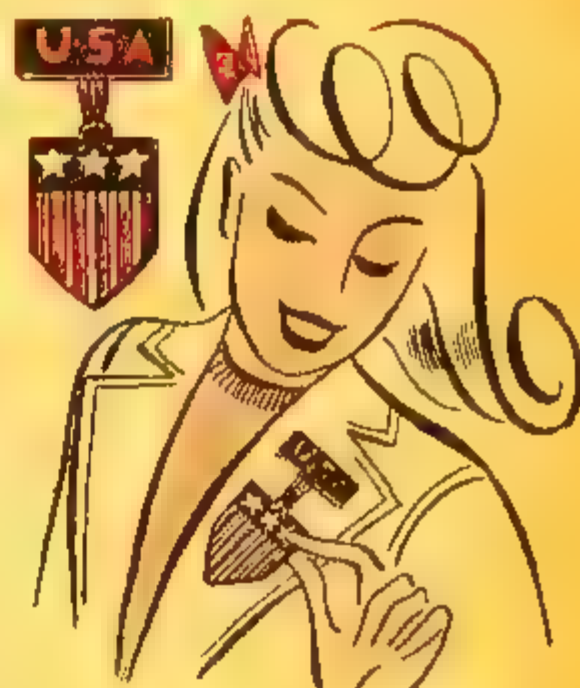
Snappy No-snaps—For stunning suspenders, first cut a strip of gunny sack six inches wide, and long enough to go around your waist. Fold it in the middle, lengthwise, and sew the edges together. Turn it on the right side, and sew on hooks. Next step, cut two strips four or five inches wide, and long enough to be hitched to the front of the belt,

go up over your shoulders, cross in back, and be hitched again in back. Sew these the same way as the belt, and turn right side out. Then, another strip long enough to reach between the two straps in front, this one will be across your chest. It should be about three inches wide after it is sewed and attached. As an added attraction, stitch with bright yarn all around the belt, suspenders, and cross strap. If you want to make your suspenders still more beautiful, and if you still have some ambition left, add smartness by embroidering flowers and animals on them, or your friends' names and some jive and stuff.—*Carolyn Fargo, Seattle, Wash.*

Unpatented Patterns—With tailored, patent-leather bows perched on their hair-dos, lapels, and belts, girls present a slick appearance. Old patent-leather belts and pocketbooks supply this shining, eye-catching glamour.—*Barbara J. Erickson, Hartford, Conn.*

A Bit of Nature—A charming flower pin of brightly colored felt, to help spring along. Cut out two identical flowers and sew them together with a piece of perfume-soaked cloth between them.—*Barbara Sparrow, Calgary, Alta.*

Button Tee-sers—Stick different colored golf tees through your sweater—novel buttons that can be removed at will.—*Winnifred Phelps, Lytton, B. C.*



Stars and Stripes Forever—A United States bar and shield of felt. For the bar, a double thickness of navy felt, glued together, with U.S.A. in red felt glued on the front, and a safety pin sewed on the back. All in all, the bar is about an inch and a half long, and half an inch wide. The shield is an inch and a half cross, and a little more than two inches from the top to the point at the bottom. The base is blue felt, not completely covered with red felt. Silver or white stars are pasted on the blue felt that remains visible at the top of the shield. Over the red felt, paste silver or white stripes cut from an old belt. The bar can be attached to the shield by a thin strip of red felt.—*Olga Gergely, Passaic, N. J.*

Pips with Pipe Cleaners—Paint a face on a peanut, put pipe cleaners through the shell for arms and legs, attach a hat on the top of his head, and he's set to dance on your sweater or lapel.—*Shirley Larson, Wheaton, Minn.* Just twist pipe cleaners into your name, his name, or anything you want to say. Sew them to your sweater.—*Joan Bolwell, West Barrington, R. I.*—You can make darling figures by twisting cleaners into different poses.—*Gwendolyn Bricker, Barre, Vt.*

The Honor of the Dance

It was a serious matter to a girl of old Williamsburg attending her first formal ball

By HAWTHORNE DANIEL

Author of "The Seal of the White Buddha" and "Peggy of Old Annapolis"



Hannah had labored tirelessly over this gown copied from the fashion doll's costume. It was a creation!

DOROTHY STANHOPE was far less interested in the peach brocade and lace of her ball gown than she might well have been. It was exciting, of course, to be dressing for one's first ball at the palace of His Excellency, the Governor, and certainly her gown was of the very latest fashion. The material of which it was made had arrived in Virginia direct from London less than a month before. The fashion doll, too, whose costume had been so carefully copied, had arrived by the same ship, and nobody—absolutely nobody—had seen the doll save Hannah McTavish. Hannah, of course, during all the time since the doll's arrival, had been laboring tirelessly over this gown. And truly it was a creation! Wide hoops, panniers, lace, ruffles, the bodice cut low, the sleeves ending in ruffles above the peach and lavender, in a design of paired stripes and scattered flowers.

There were velvet slippers, too, sewed with gold braid, and silk stockings. And her fan—a tiny little thing, but painted especially in London to go with this very gown.

But should she wear patches? One could hardly go without them entirely! The trouble lay in the lavish way some of the ladies scattered them about.

Dorothy looked into the pier glass. She would wear one. Only one. And a small one at that, at the side of her chin, just below the corner of her mouth. There!

Everyone would be at the Palace, of course. It was to be a really elegant affair, and was simply not to be missed. It had almost seemed that this season would never come. But now, she was fifteen—a young lady. No longer would she be left at home, or bade to sit in the balcony with the children. She would dance, now, and not just with boys. She might—though she knew it was unlikely—she just might dance with His Excellency, and she felt certain that she could turn a minuet as gracefully as the next, and walk as confidently along the aisle of drawn swords held by facing rows of gentlemen.

Yes, it was simply not to be missed. And yet, how unfortunate that it should come to-night.

She looked over her shoulder at faithful Hannah, behind whom Mammy Lou beamed in generous delight.

"Oh, Hannah," she began, "I do wish you weren't leaving tomorrow."

"La, Miss Dorothy," replied Hannah. "What can I do but go? Jock's been planning these seven years for a place of our own."

"I know, Hannah," nodded Dorothy. "I know. But you're going so far."

"It is far, Miss Dorothy," nodded Hannah, "and I don't like that. Why, I've been looking after you almost ever since you first came to Virginia. I'll be awondering every minute how you're getting on, and you with neither a mother nor father."

"I have Uncle Will," remarked Dorothy.

"Aye, that you have," agreed Hannah, "and there is no finer

gentleman than Mr. Morris in the whole colony. But he isn't a woman, Miss Dorothy, and though maybe I shouldn't say it with you standing there in your first ball gown, you aren't a woman either. And you need one yet awhile, even if it's only Hannah McTavish."

"Oh, Hannah," cried Dorothy, "how did it ever happen that the land you were to have was sold only the day before Uncle Will took you to the Court House to sign your release from service?"

Hannah shook her head.

"I don't know, Miss Dorothy," she replied, "and Jock doesn't know either. But there it is. It's part of Mr. Whitehead's plantation now, and the colony isn't giving released redemptioners land that belongs

to the great folk."

"No," agreed Dorothy, bitterly. "They send you back to the ridges twenty miles away, and give you forty acres there, where no one yet has learned a way to make a living. It was for just that reason that Uncle Will didn't buy that land beyond the creek. He had thought to buy it, and so hold it for you and Jock. But then the House of Burgesses held such purchases for others to be illegal. And so he could only hope that the marsh on one side, and Mr Whitehead's land beyond would keep any other released redemptioner from claiming it."

"And so it did, Miss Dorothy," nodded Hannah. "No longer ago than a fortnight back, Jock and I went to the

Court House and asked to see the map of land holdings. And there, sure enough, was forty acres all marked out, and nobody's name on it at all. And beside it was the marsh showing plain where the road goes by, and Mr Whitehead's plantation was marked just as plain on the other side."

"I know," nodded Dorothy, bitterly. "And as if ten thousand acres weren't enough, he must have your forty acres, too."

"'Tis a fine bit of land," remarked Hannah, philosophically, "and so close by, Miss Dorothy. Why, only last Sunday, Jock and I were over there, and from the place we'd picked to build our cabin we could just make out the chimney here at Morris House." She smiled rue-



Dorothy turned a minuet so well that she made a great impression on the Governor and those about him

fully. "I could still have looked after you a bit, Miss Dorothy, from there," she added.

"But when did Mr. Whitehead buy it?" asked Dorothy, suddenly.

Hannah hesitated.

"It must have been the day after Jock and I were there last," she replied.

"On Monday?" asked Dorothy.

Hannah nodded.

"How do you know?"

"Well," replied Hannah. "We don't know for sure, but when we were coming back, we met him on the road. And we were a bit mud-splashed from coming through the marsh, and he asks us where we had been."

"And you told him?" demanded Dorothy.

"Yes'm, and told him what a fine bit of land it was, and how we were going to claim it on Tuesday when Mr. Morris signed our release. But when we came to do it—and asked for the map to show the clerk what we wanted—why, there was Mr. Whitehead's name fresh writ on our forty acres. So there was nothing to do but claim the next best place."

"Next best!" repeated Dorothy, bitterly. "Next best! Twenty miles away and mostly rocks!"

"'Tisn't so nice a place," agreed Hannah sadly.

"I wish Uncle Will hadn't been called to Hampton," remarked Dorothy, half to herself.

"But he'll be back tomorrow, Miss Dorothy," put in Hannah.

Dorothy glanced once more into the pier glass, but her mind was elsewhere.

"What," she asked herself in a whisper, "shall I do if he asks for a dance?"

"What's that, Miss Dorothy?" asked Hannah.

"Nothing, Hannah. Where's my cloak? I think I hear a coach. That'll be Betty and Mr. Carrington. I mustn't keep them waiting."

The guests of His Excellency arrived at the Governor's Palace by coach or in saddle, and there in the turn-around at the end of the Palace green, they

alighted or dismounted. And there were few who, being eligible, had failed to come. Some living far up the James River had not yet arrived in Williamsburg for the season. Two or three, including Dorothy's uncle, Mr. William Morris, had been called from the gay little capital on business. But there were no others missing.

It was into the midst of all this that Dorothy Stanhope stepped from the Carrington coach, and with her friend and her friend's father made her way along the boxwood-bordered walk up to the open doorway of the Palace. There, in the great hall, in the rooms that opened from it right and left, and even on the handsome stairway, were the gaily clad ladies and gentlemen of the aristocratic colony of Virginia—hoopskirted and panniered ladies, gay in velvets, silks, brocades, and laces; silk-stockinged and bewigged gentlemen in taffeta and satin of every color—all with powdered hair. And most—men as well as women—with tiny black patches on chin or cheek or forehead.

Into this gay and chattering throng Mr. Carrington led Betty and Dorothy after they had, with the help of the ladies' maids in the retiring room, removed their cloaks and rearranged their hair, their gowns, their ruffles. Gentlemen bowed and ladies curtsied, and Betty, attending her first ball as Dorothy was, failed to notice her friend's reserve. Nor did Dorothy drop a word that even hinted at the problem she still carried in her mind, though she caught her breath when she saw Mr. Whitehead as he made his dandified way down the broad stairs. And as he made his way downstairs he stroked the lace ruffles at one wrist, and greeted those he passed with a kind of indifferent ease.

What, thought Dorothy, should she do if he asked her to dance with him? She did not know that he had purposefully done faithful Hannah and sturdy Jock out of their much-wanted forty acres. But though he was the fashion plate of Wil-

liamsburg, and so played a part in such affairs as these, she knew he was somewhat less popular among both men and women than he might have wished. He had even, on two occasions, been called out by other gentlemen and forced to defend himself in duels, the details of which had not been made public.

But there, thought Dorothy. The music was sounding in the drawing room, and here was John Mallory, looking very handsome in his bright blue coat and waistcoat, bowing and asking the honor of the dance.

In another mood Dorothy might have felt constrained by the dignity of the minuet, might have preferred the boisterous gaiety of the country dances. But now, with Hannah's problem on her mind, she carried herself as well as any lady on the floor—so well, indeed, that the Governor and those about him applauded heartily as she turned a minuet before them.

But presently the music stopped and Dorothy, turning to take John Mallory's arm, found herself all unexpectedly face to face with Mr. Whitehead.

He bowed, with his fingers to his chest.

"Mistress Stanhope," he began. "Egad! The last time I saw you, you were but a girl. Yet tonight you are the belle of the ball. I beg for the honor of the next dance."

Dorothy's mind was awlirl. She had feared this very moment, and had tried to determine what to do. But all to no avail. Everywhere about her were the chattering couples. At her back were several gentlemen, though who they were she had not noticed. Even John Mallory was momentarily lost in the crowd. And here was Mr. Whitehead, asking for a dance. What should she say?

"I am far from certain, Mr. Whitehead," she heard herself begin—and still she had no idea what she was about to say, "that I care to avail myself of the privilege. Perhaps you had best spend your time at finding

other lands that you can unfairly purchase when honest indentured servants tell you they are about to claim them!"

Throughout all her speech she had been horrified at what she was saying, yet she said it. And having done so she went white with fear. What if he hadn't been underhanded? What if . . .

She saw him straighten up as if she had slapped him in the face, and suddenly she heard a gruff voice.

"What's this? What's this?" the voice demanded.

She looked up and recognized—His Excellency.

Her knees went weak, and to keep them from knocking together, she curtsied.

"Your Excellency," she replied, in scarcely more than a whisper.

"I could not help but overhear," went on the Governor. "I was at your very elbow. You have, I take it, reason to say what you have said."

Dorothy swallowed.

"I have, Your Excellency," she replied.

"This is hardly a place to discuss the matter," remarked the Governor. "But my office is nearby."

He presented his arm, and Dorothy, her heart pounding, put her hand upon it.

"You will follow, Mr. Whitehead," ordered the Governor.

In the Governor's office, ten minutes later, His Excellency leaned back in his chair. Dorothy, still weak with fear, though she had now told all she knew, drew her kerchief from her pocket and touched her lips to it.

"Mr. Whitehead," began the Governor, "you have heard what Mistress Stanhope has said. Do you care to make any reply?"

"Yes, Your Excellency," replied Mr. Whitehead. "I would say that Mistress Stanhope has been unfortunately led to false conclusions. I have purchased the property, it is true, but I did so only this morning. These—these redemptioners were entirely free on Tuesday to claim the land, but they did not do

Mr. Whitehead raised his hand nervously to his forehead. "Perhaps I can explain," he said.



so. Instead they claimed another farm."

"Then how was it," asked the Governor, "that on Tuesday your name was marked across the land on the map in the Court House?"

"That I do not know," replied Mr. Whitehead.

The Governor reached for the velvet bell-pull, and the bell jangled in an adjoining room.

"Then I'll find out," remarked His Excellency, as a servant appeared at the door.

"Go at once and find the Court House clerk," he ordered.

Mr. Whitehead raised his hand nervously to his forehead.

"Perhaps, Your Excellency," he began, "that will not be necessary."

He hesitated.

"Well?" demanded the Governor.

"It may be," went on Mr. Whitehead, "that I can explain."

"Then do so," ordered the Governor.

Mr. Whitehead swallowed.

"On Monday," he began, "I had business at the Court House, and I recall telling the clerk that I planned to purchase the—the land in ques-

tion. I—I pointed it out on the map. Perhaps—perhaps, Your Excellency, he took my remark as a suggestion that he hold the land for me."

The Governor frowned.

"Perhaps," he nodded. "Perhaps," he repeated. "And perhaps, Mr. Whitehead, your name will be omitted from the list of those who are welcome here at the Palace—at least until this matter is corrected."

"Yes, Your Excellency," replied Mr. Whitehead.

"You may go, Mr. Whitehead," said the Governor.

The abashed gentleman arose from his chair, bowed, and silently went out the door.

"Oh, Your Excellency," cried Dorothy, "do you mean that Hannah and Jock may claim that land now?"

"They may, my dear girl," smiled the Governor.

"Oh, may I go and tell them?" asked Dorothy.

Strains of music from the ballroom drifted through the open window. The Governor rose and came around his desk.

"I hope, Mistress Dorothy," His Excellency replied, bowing over her hand, "that you will first do me the honor of leading a minuet with me."

CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 4

YOUR PICTURES
GAVE US AMERICANS
A GREATER
UNDERSTANDING
OF OUR OWN
AND EUROPE'S
INDUSTRIES.

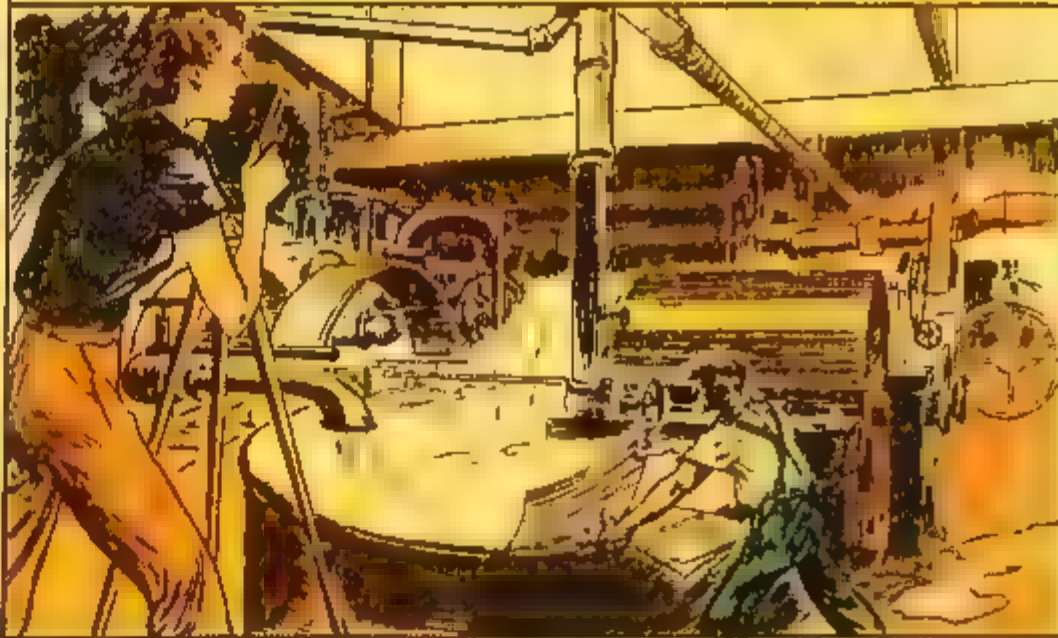
I INTEND TO CONTINUE WITH
AMERICA, NOW THAT I'M BACK
FROM
EUROPE.

BACK HOME AGAIN...

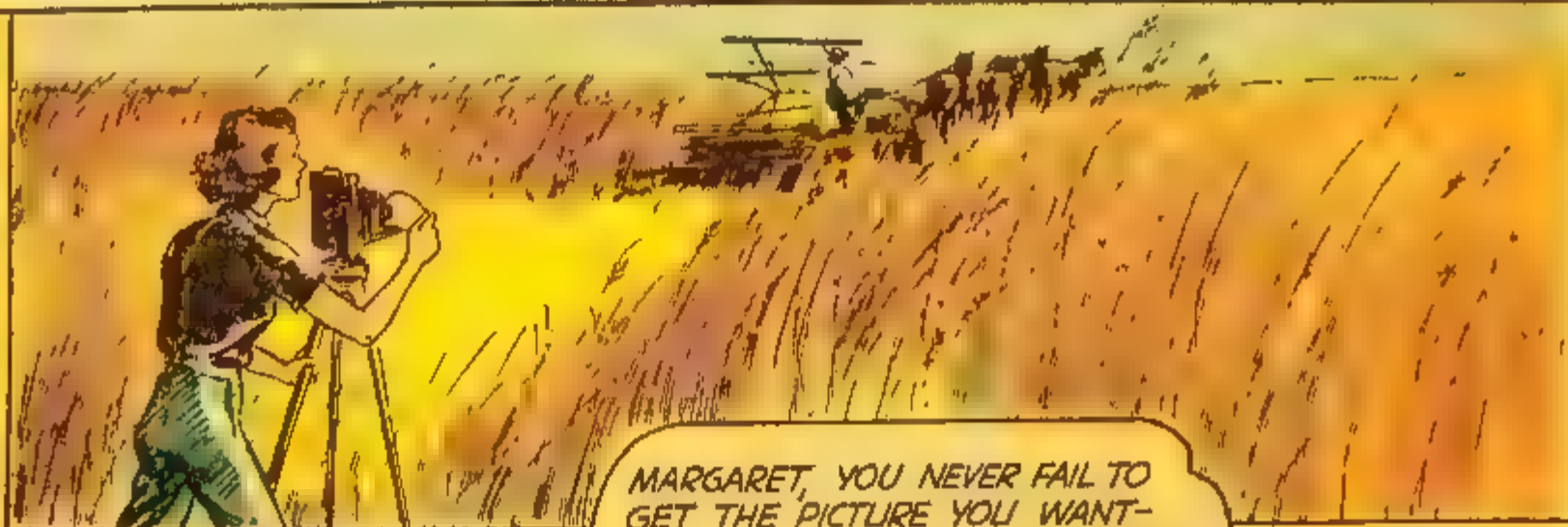
DEEP INTO PENNSYLVANIA COAL MINES



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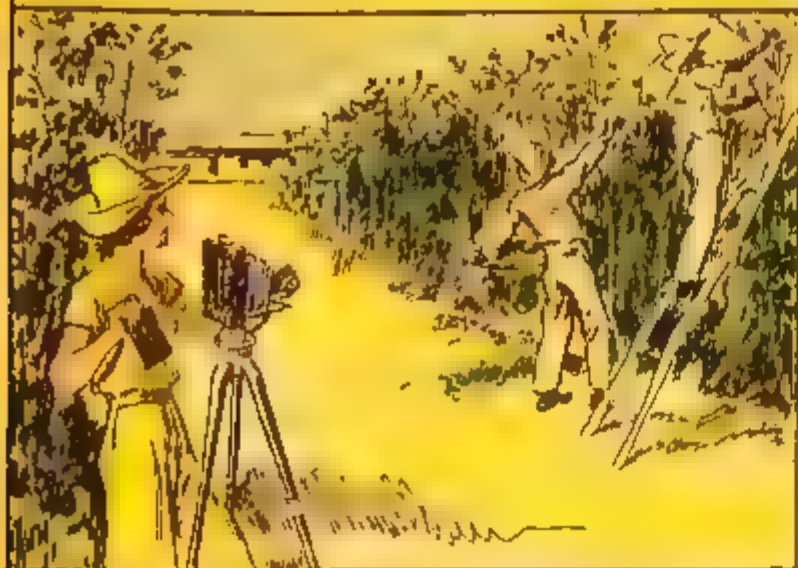


THE
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WHEAT
FIELDS



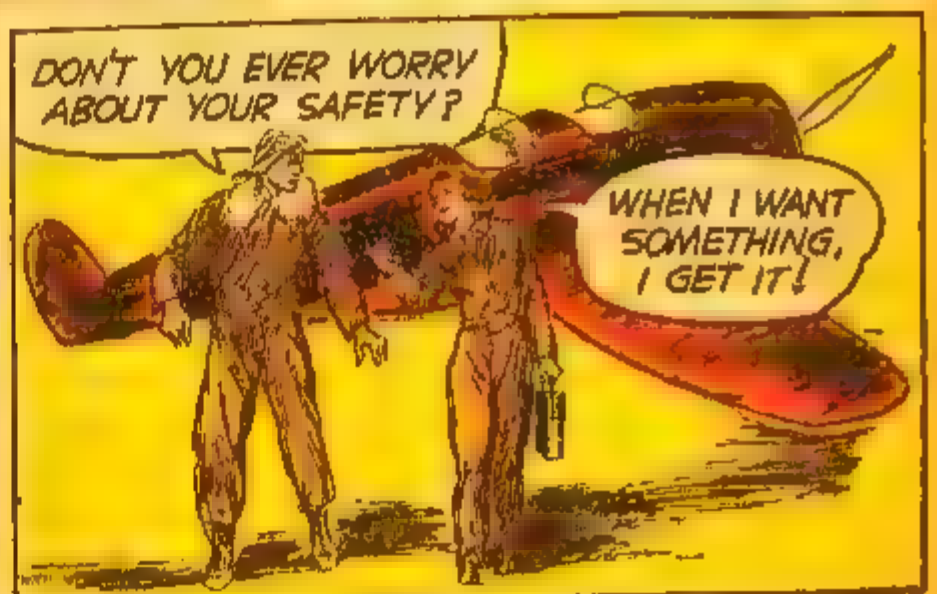
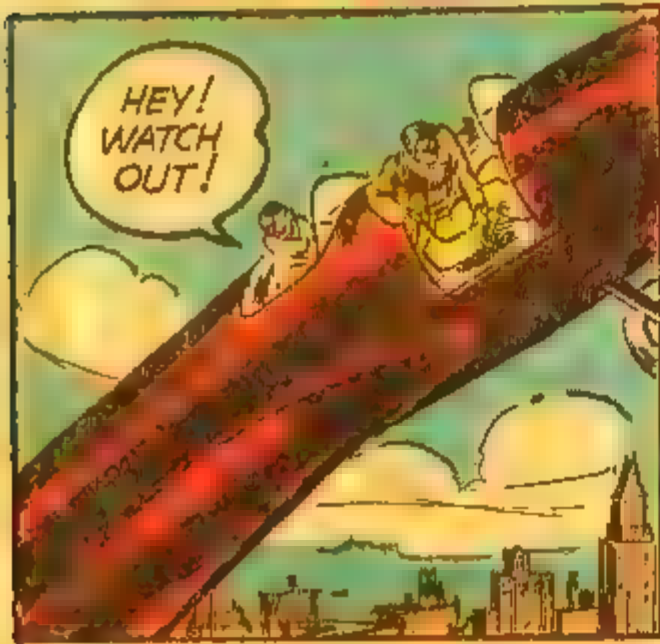
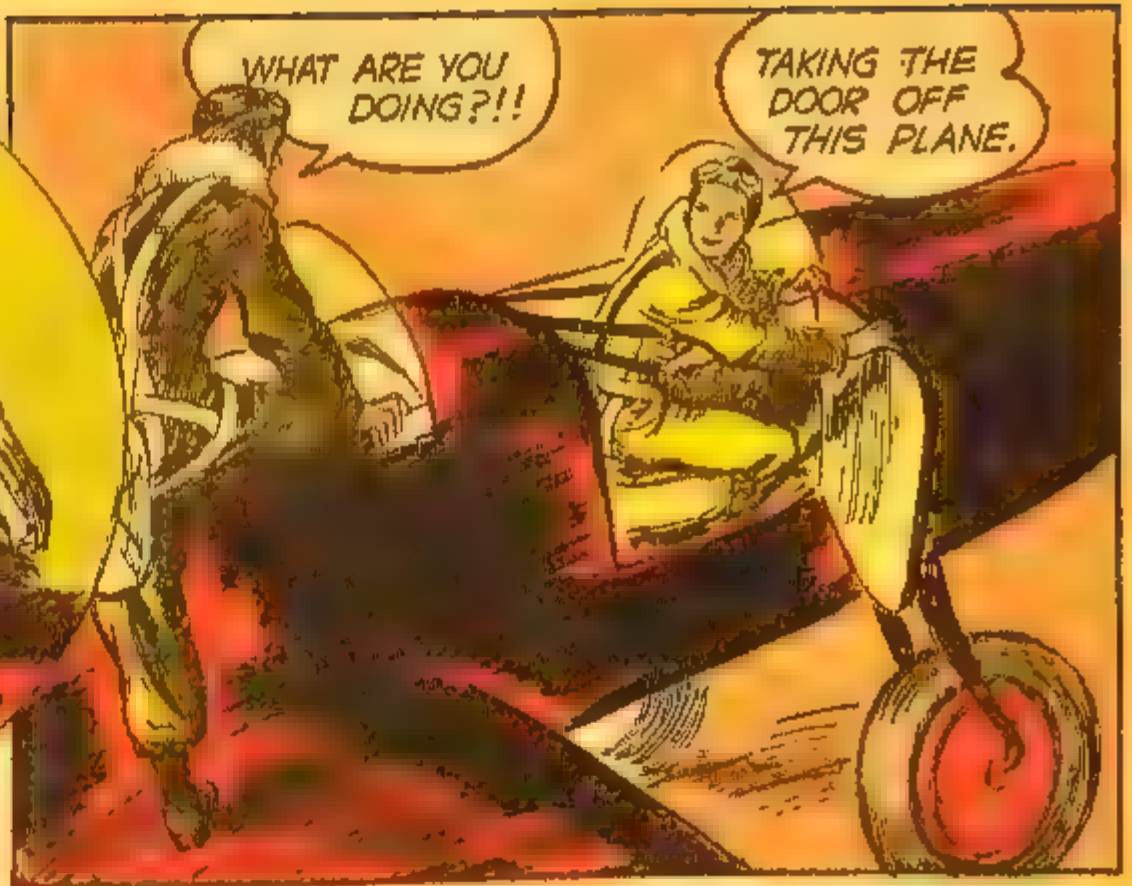
MARGARET, YOU NEVER FAIL TO
GET THE PICTURE YOU WANT—
HOW ABOUT SOME SPECTACULAR
NEW SHOTS OF NEW YORK?

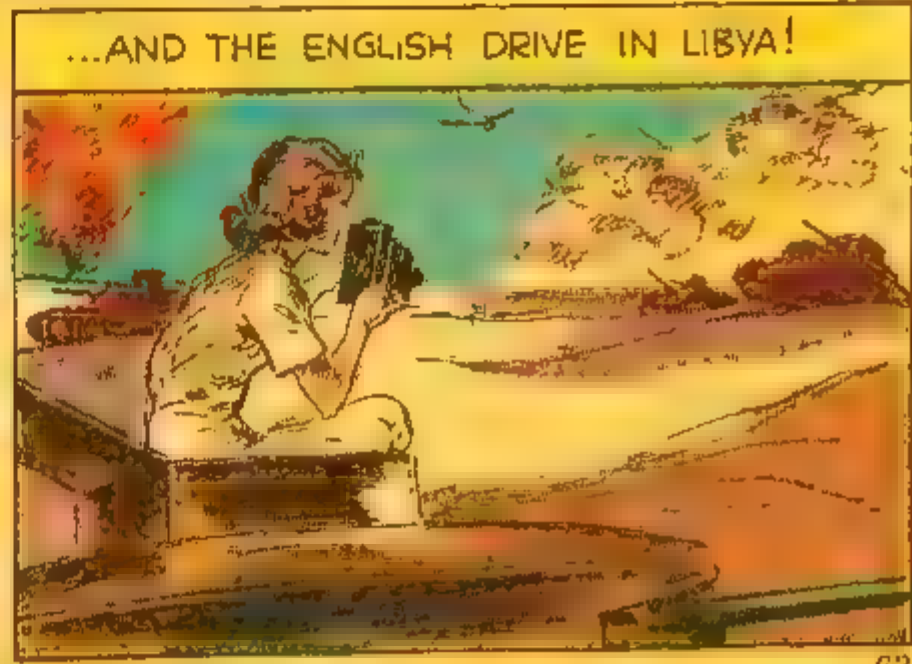
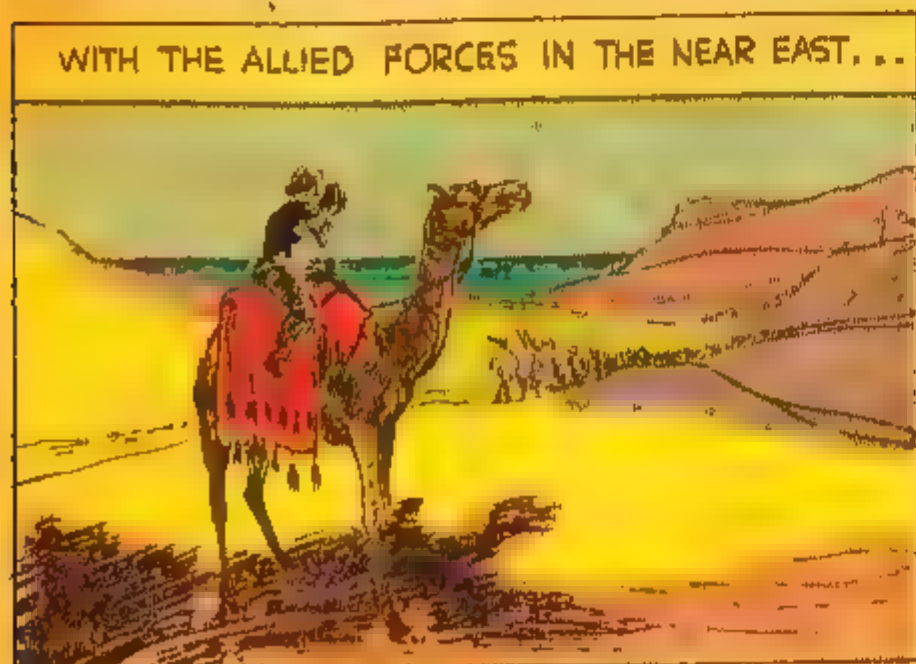
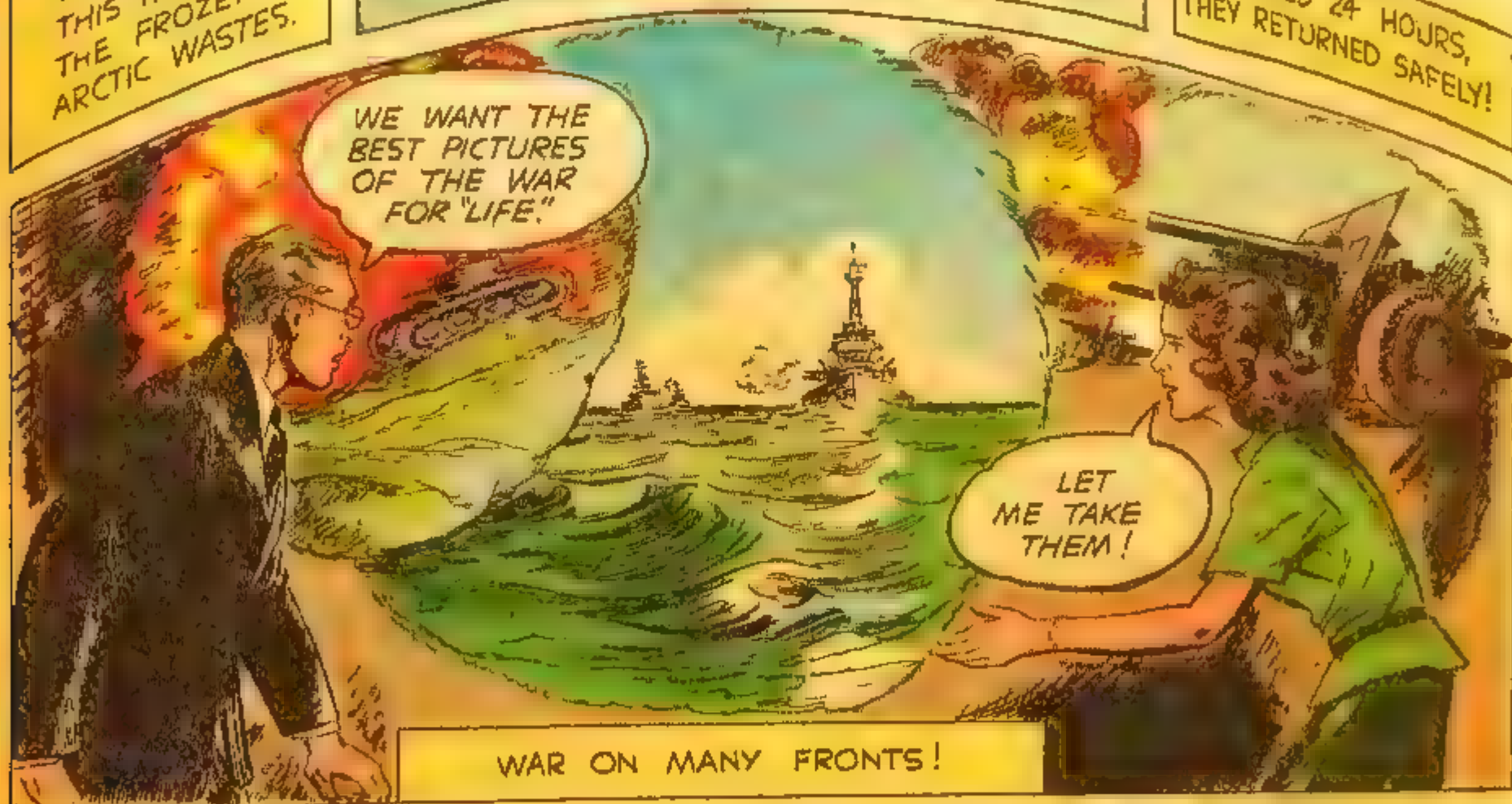
LATIN AMERICA'S COFFEE PLANTATIONS



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OF
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